

THE LITERARY CHRONICLE

And Weekly Review;

Forming an Analysis and General Repository of Literature, Philosophy, Science, Arts, History, Biography, Antiquities, Morals, Manners, the Drama, and Amusements.

BRIEF INDEX:—Reviews: Almack's, a Novel, 769; The Sabbath Muse, a Poem, 771; Paul Jones, a Romance, by Allan Cunningham, 772; The Hunting Directory, by T. B. Johnson, 775; Roman Tablets, 776; The Iniquity of Landholders, 778; Library of Mechanics and Philosophers, 778; The Tradesman's Law Assistant, 778.—Foreign Literature: International Drama, 778.—Original: Street Salutations, 779; Continental Scenes, No II. 780; New Publications, (an Essay,) 781.—Original Poetry: Song, 781; Stanzas to the Memory of C. Pendrill, 781; Mathilda, 782.—The Drama: The King's Theatre; Masquerade; French Theatre, &c. 782.—Literature and Science, 783.—The Bee, 783.

No. 395.

LONDON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 9, 1826.

Price 6d.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Almack's, a Novel. In three vols. post 8vo. pp. 1149. London, 1826. Saunders and Otley.

THESE volumes have much fashionable exposé in them; their style is evidently a transcript of the pretty nothings which so distinguish the conversation of the haut ton of England, and the very opposite to the rough scenes of Allan Cunningham, which grace our present number. The celebrated association of ladies, from whence this work derives its title, is in it most unsparingly lashed; and many of our leading fashionists, both male and female, are made to run the gauntlet of public opinion,—stripped of their concomitants of rank and station,—and exposed in all their avocations of nonsense, and their loquacity of even something worse. The author, whoever he or she may be, (en passant, we have heard this publication attributed to a lady moving in the first circles,) evidently is well acquainted with the scenes and characters described; and if the portraiture be sometimes spiritless, we can only attribute it to the uninspiring originals. To copy well a bad picture, is at best a thankless task, and the historian of Almack's has one not much better: it is true, severe satire is occasionally administered to make some of the sketches piquante, but the rest might have been seasoned with more of this wholesome cayenne, and dished up in a somewhat better style; however, we will find no further fault, for there is much in the three volumes to redeem a little occasional dullness.

To those who live in and love the fashionable world, Almack's will prove a kind of manual, useful and entertaining; and others, not breathing so unnatural an atmosphere, it will at least enlighten, and make more contented with their station in life. The current chit-chat of the day,—the various revolvers in the orbits of etiquette,—the suns and the stars,—and the whole of the mystic system, are detailed and chronicled by one who must have been under the influence of this malign hemisphere, and well acquainted with its erratic constellations. To trace the revolution of these luminaries, to pierce into the space allotted only to the elect, and to catch folly as it flies—swift-winged and epidemic as it always is—is not so easy as may be imagined. In the present instance, much has been done with effect, and a phantasmagoria is produced, in which many of the figures as they pass may be recognised; and, like the lineage of Banquo, they form an illustrious line of worthies, as shadowy and as fleeting. The dedication is so unique, that we cannot forbear to lay it before our friends:—

‘TO THAT MOST DISTINGUISHED AND DESPOTIC CONCLAVE.

Composed of their High Mightinesses
The Ladies Patronesses of the Bulls at
ALMACK'S,

The Rulers of Fashion, the Arbiters of Taste,
The Leaders of Ton, and the Makers of Manners,
Whose sovereign sway over 'the world' of London
has long been established on the firmest basis,
Whose Decrees are Laws, and from whose
judgment there is no appeal;

To these important Personages, all and severally,
Who have formed, or who do form,
any part of that

ADMINISTRATION,
usually denominated

THE WILLIS COALITION CABAL,
Whether Members of the Committee of Supply,
or

CABINET COUNSELLORS

Holding seats at the Board of Control,

THE FOLLOWING PAGES,

Are, with all due respect, humbly dedicated by
AN OLD SUBSCRIBER.

The preface is a good one, and a calm and subdued vein of satire is distinguished in its neat and roundly-turned periods. The work opens with the visit of a Colonel Montague, after an absence of ten years from England, to a Mr. Mildmay, an old neighbour and friend of his father. On his way to Bishop's Court, he determines to go through the grounds of Atherford Abbey, the seat of his ancestors, now let by his elder brother to Sir Benjamin Birmingham. His reflections on the scene of his boyhood are pathetic and natural, and this portion of Almack's has an air of freshness about it, as if the author were happier in describing nature than in depicting the distorted lineaments of fashionable life. Arriving at Mr. Mildmay's, he is welcomed with the hospitality once so inherent in English country gentlemen; and is introduced, with the memory of old times about him, to the members of the family, with whom, in his younger days, he was well acquainted. But we must not proceed—although there is no regular plot, there are so many personages brought on the tapis, that it were an endless toil in us to attempt their introduction. The characters are so unconnected, and their conversations so desultory, that we almost quote at random. We give a spirited sketch of the importance of ladies' maids; the contrasting of their peculiarities is good:—

‘The ball-dresses were the first object, and those high priestesses of fashion, usually denominated ladies'-maids, were summoned. First came the important Mrs. Tiffany, a sage matron of considerable experience, on whom the care of adorning the gentle Barbara had long devolved. *La jeune et gentille Eloise*, a Parisian damsel of acknowledged taste and

address, Louisa's attendant, next showed off her airy graces; followed by the staid Mrs. Dinah, the venerable hand-maiden of Mrs. Penelope Mildmay. These ladies were succeeded by a pretty rosy-faced girl, named Lucy Brown; whom Julia had taken into her service when Louisa went abroad and took with her a highly-fashionable thoroughbred English abigail, who, when at Paris, bestowed her fair hand on an elegant *du jour*, M. Adolphe, *coiffeur*, who had *une boutique bien assortie au Titus moderne, coin de la rue Tait-Titebouts*. This important procession was closed by Betty, the house-maid, carrying in a pile of band-boxes. The ladies were all assembled in the drawing-room previous to the arrival of the abigails, so that, when the whole party of females was collected, the confusion of tongues which ensued may be conceived, as well as the spirited discussion which took place, from the variety of opinions entertained on the subject of taste. Silks, satins, and laces, were fairly discussed. Tulle was placed in battle array against gauze, —not gauze, gentle reader; names, not things, are altered. *Les ruches* were opposed *aux volans, les plis aux rouleaux; et les plis contrariés* were preferred *aux bouillons*. Then came a point of great importance to be decided, whether *bouquets détachés* or *guirlandes* were to be chosen.

‘The gentleman would have been surprised could they have heard that one gown was to be *bordée d'un ruban à cheval*, while another trimming was to be *arrangée en rivière*. *Les coques* and *les tirebouchons* had each their partisans. *Les crevés et les coquilles* were both condemned.

‘The most learned painter would have been puzzled with the new names given to colours. There was the *eau du Nile*; the *oreille d'Ours*; the *flamme de Ponche*; the *Raisin de Corinthe*; the *dos d'Araignée*, and the *reveil de l'Elephant*: besides many others, equally distinguished and extraordinary.’

Now for a sample of lady-talk; we open the page in which Lionel Montague is introduced to Lady Birmingham:—

‘He found Mr. Mildmay in deep conversation with a lady in a riding-habit, whom he instantly recognised as the elder of the fair equestrians who had passed him in Horsely Lane. He would have retreated, but Mr. Mildmay called out, “Come in, Lionel!”—then turning to the stranger, he said, “Lady Birmingham, allow me to present Colonel Montague to you.”

‘Her ladyship bowed most graciously, and, after a very scrutinizing glance, “I think,” said she, “we were obliged to Colonel Montague just now for opening the gate

upon Horsely Common. Barbara and I were puzzling ourselves to make out who it could possibly be. We were just come from Norbury, and we had not heard of any stranger expected. I fancy it is many years now, sir, since you were in this neighbourhood?"

"It is above ten years: I have never been here since I first went into the army."

"Yet I assure you, my dear sir, you live in the recollections of all about here. Since I came into this country, I have heard of nothing but the gallantry, the generosity—what shall I say that will not make you blush?—the amiability of the general favourite, Colonel Montague."

"I am sure my friends are much too good to me, but their old regard to my family must excuse their partiality."

"Oh, I see," said Lady Birmingham with playful politeness, "that you more than deserve all that I have heard of you. How painful must a visit to this neighbourhood be to your feelings! but now having come, I hope you will find that you are still among old friends. When shall we see you at our—I mean, at your abbey? for it is still yours; we are only temporary possessors, you know. Consider us, therefore, as the visitors, and be yourself at home. I depend upon you;" and Lady Birmingham held out her hand with much apparent kindness.

"I leave Barbara with you, my dear Mr. Mildmay; don't let her sing herself quite hoarse this evening; but I know there is some danger with Miss Louisa. Best regards to dear Miss Mildmay—quite sorry to miss her this morning—pray beg her to send me a speedy answer to my note; and will you be so good as tell Barbara, Mr. Mildmay, that if it should rain to-morrow morning, I will send the barouche-and-four for her. Good morning, my dear sir." Then turning to Montague, "I shall long to have you for my cicerone round your dear abbey: I flatter myself you will find it in excellent order, and I must have you admire my American plants. Lee and Kennedy tell me that I have the finest collection in the kingdom. I am sure few people can have laid out so much with them as I have. Colonel Montague, lend me your arm, if you please, to mount my pretty mare;—Grey Denmark, I call her: is not she a pretty creature? I bought her last summer of Lord Mordaunt for 120 guineas; she is thorough-bred. Lord Glenmore wants her for his pretty bride, and sent to offer me 150 for her; but I refused. Adieu!"

The ball, in honour of Colonel Montague's election as member of Parliament for Merton, is well described, and forms a scene abounding in diversity of character; we pass it over for a passage developing much of art, we believe too often practised with success:—

"Miss Maria was just now making a dead set at Sir Edward Barrington, a rich old baronet, something the worse for gout and port wine. Though he was one of the members for the county, he was too fat and red faced for Miss Molyneux's more refined taste; but Miss Maria thought she should be of great use to him as a nurse, of which every one de-

cided he was in want. She had great hopes of success, founded on three reasons:—

"First, he had taken to wearing flannel waistcoats on her particular recommendation.

"Secondly, she had been requested by him to write out for his own use, her infallible cure for the heart-burn.

"Thirdly, she had tied up his thumb with her own fair hands, after he had cut it in helping her to pine-apple.

"After such demonstrations of esteem, was it not fair to conclude that love was on the way?"

"Alas, poor Cupid! thou'rt a treacherous imp."

We make room for the following description:—

"*Fashionable Life in the Country*.—Who does not know the pleasure of a large party of *distingués* in a country-house; where the host and hostess have to supply amusement and conversation, from morning till night, to a set of people of whose tastes and dispositions they probably know nothing; where one part of the company are strangers to the other, and where the acquainted and unacquainted are alike indifferent to each other!—the few at the height of *ton* looking down with contempt on their servile followers; those half-way up the ladder pushing down the steps by which they mounted; and the greater part at the bottom affecting philosophic contempt of the eminence to which one and all are alike endeavouring to attain. Who has not seen or felt all this, whether in high fashion, or middle fashion, or no fashion at all? And yet, notwithstanding the truth of this description, do not we see every day the delight with which lords and ladies, and masters and mistresses of country-houses, high-born and high-bred themselves, collect a party of people together, whom they neither like nor esteem, with infinite trouble and expense, because, *par hazard*, the invited are supreme *bon-ton*, and move in what is thought a higher circle than that of the inviters?"

"I verily believe, that nowhere is *ennui* more intolerably felt than in a large party of fashionable loungers, assembled together in a gay country-house. What so difficult as to fill up the hours between breakfast and dinner, so as to amuse a number of persons who are indifferent to each other! When the gentlemen have visited the farm, and the piggeries, and out-houses; and the kitchen-garden, with its conservatories, mushroom establishment, hot-beds, and hotter walls; inspected the stables, and admired the hunters and coach-horses, what is there left to do, unless the post should opportunely come in just then! And what with newspapers of different sides, and letters to receive and answer, an hour or two may be got over comfortably enough.

"The ladies, meanwhile, have the flower-garden, the conservatory, and green-house, to visit and discuss; waltzes and quadrilles to try over and copy; some new novel—if French so much the better, to lounge with in a great-chair, or to carry up to their own apartments: then there is new work, or new patterns, to admire and learn; portfolios of lithographs and caricatures, splendid albums,

and illustrations of scenery in various parts of the world. Besides these resources, if the day be fine, after luncheon some may take long rides over dirty splashing roads, or longer drives in a shut-up carriage. And yet, notwithstanding all these efforts, time will often move with them most tediously.

"Not, perhaps, if all the party be of the same humour; but in a large society there must always be cabals and caballers,—one or two persons sent to Coventry by the rest for no very good reason: the persecutors having all the fun, and the persecuted, perhaps, meeting with little pity."

There is no mention of Almack's until the middle of the second volume; we give its definition, its code, and its deeds:—

"Soon after, Lord Tresilian was heard in conversation with Colonel Montague. His lordship seemed to be speaking in reply:—"But Almack's is supposed to contain all the *beau-monde* of the country."

"And how would you describe good company generally?" inquired Lionel.

"Oh! in this country it is next to impossible; though I believe Lord Chesterfield defined it to be that set which every one pronounces to be the next best to their own. In the Almack's acceptation, it means the friends, admirers, and toadies, of the six lady patronesses, foreigners of all countries, and of all grades, who speak French, or broken English. If you do not belong to any one of these classes, vain are your pretensions: you can never be admitted to be one of us."

"This institution," said Lady Tresilian, "has now existed ten years; and six self-elected female sovereigns have, during all that time, held the keys of the great world, as St. Peter was supposed to do those of the kingdom of Heaven. These ladies decide, in a weekly committee, upon the distribution of the tickets for admission: the whole is a matter of favour, interest, or calculation; for neither rank, distinction, nor merit of any kind, will serve as a plea, unless the candidate has the good fortune to be already upon the visiting-book of one of these all-powerful patronesses. Not to be known to one of the six, must indeed argue yourself quite unknown. But the extraordinary thing is, that all the world of fashion should submit patiently to such a tyranny. What will not *ton* do!"

"*Ton* is indeed," said Lionel, "a camelion, whose hue changes with every ray of light—a shade, or rather the shadow of a shade, that follows rank or fame."

"Almack's is a system of tyranny," said Lady Tresilian, "which would never be submitted to in any country but one of such complete freedom that people are at liberty to make fools of themselves. No government would ever have had the effrontery to suppose that people would, on their knees, crave permission to pay their money to a junto, self-elected, whose power exists but by courtesy: who make laws, and enforce them too, without any sort of right. A cabal may attempt a monopoly—that I can understand; but that submission to it should be considered as a subject for congratulation, is indeed past my comprehension."

We cl
of a Lad
The
drawing
north sid
dowed a
scenery
the prou
eye view
of variou
smoke n
these fai
its slow
driven e
atmosph
British
spring;
self-den
with wh
has dec
and ple
rural sig
foul info
lis, who
half-a-n
their ea
innume
notes a
sound.

"But
purpos
ing-roo
body k
and ver
with va
capital
besides
which
as to c
bling t
Fudge
By th
Fudge
on, an
in the
his bre

"La
clining
load o
shawl,
made
her, a
The M
screen
was c
chimn
repres
the C
of wh
to bre

"O
traore
their
burgh
(for it
pendi
in the
perso
handl
her re
brigh

"T
tice,

We close for the present by a vivid sketch of a Lady-Patroness of Almack's:—

The scene must now change to the back drawing-room at Lady Norbury's, on the north side of Portman Square—a bow-windowed apartment, displaying the beautiful scenery which most back-rooms exhibit in the proud city of London, namely, a bird's-eye view of tiles, chimneys, and sloping-roofs of various heights and dimensions, the dusky smoke most picturesquely shrouding many of these fair objects from the contracted eye, in its slow endeavours to mount aloft, constantly driven earthward again by the heavily-charged atmosphere, which generally envelopes the British capital during the sweet season of spring; when its wise inhabitants, with the self-denial of martyrs, relinquish the charms with which a kind and gracious Providence has decked the face of nature for their use and pleasure, and bid adieu to all the joys of rural sights and rural sounds, to breathe the foul infected air of a soot-begrimed metropolis, whose fragrance is daily fed by at least half-a-million of sea-coal fires, and to feast their ears with the discordant music of bells innumerable; besides the cries, of various notes and kinds, with which our streets resound.

But return, my roving Muse, resume thy purposed theme.—It was in the back drawing-room at Lady Norbury's—a room, every body knows, fitted up with scarlet damask, and very beautiful Japan cabinets, illustrated with various nameless articles of old china, capital specimens of the *idéal beau*; there was, besides, a splendid folding Indian screen, which was always placed behind the sofa, so as to conceal the back entrance, thereby enabling that prince of grooms of the chambers, Fudge, to leave the door always a little open. By this ingenious contrivance, our friend Fudge heard a great deal of what was going on, and was therefore more generally versed in the *on-dits* of the great world than most of his brethren of the ante-chamber.

Lady Norbury was sitting, or rather reclining, in her usual place on the sofa, with a load of cushions behind her back; her largest shawl, of the newest Yorkshire manufacture, made somewhere near Halifax, thrown over her, and in her hand that ample newspaper *The Morning Herald*, unfolded, in order to screen her face from the fire. Lady Anne was on the small ottoman opposite to the chimney-piece, holding a French hand-screen, representing a review of the Royal Guard in the Champ de Mars, the moving machinery of which her ladyship seemed likely enough to break, by way of amusement.

Opposite to the sofa, on one of those extraordinary arm-chairs, which I believe owe their invention to some fanciful lady at Edinburgh, sat, or rather I should say lay back, (for it is quite impossible for the most perpendicularly-disposed person to sit upright in them,) a most distinguished and dignified personage, who, by means of a cambric pocket-handkerchief, was endeavouring to preserve her *rouge* from the effect of Lady Norbury's bright, blazing fire.

To describe this lady, so as to do her justice, will not be easy, but I must endeavour.

Lady Hauton, for it was indeed no other than Lady Hauton herself, was neither young nor handsome nor lively nor amusing; but she rouged well, and dressed better than most people. She talked a great deal; she knew more than any person I ever met with, and both every thing and every body; she could quiz and she could flatter; and she understood how to manage all sorts of tempers and dispositions, as well as how to make use of all her acquaintances in some way or other. If she could not persuade, she could bully, which was often the easiest of the two. In short, Lady Hauton was the fashion, and, moreover, the leader of the ladies-patronesses—the bold spirit who was foremost both in council and in action. She had eloquence at will to defend herself when attacked, and she had spirit enough to carry all her projects by a *coup de main*. Such a person might, of course, do any thing; and as she laughed at all the world, so she was sure to have all the world at her feet. "Treat people like fools," she would often say, "and they will worship you:—stop to make up to them, and they will directly tread you under foot." A well-bred, no!—I should say a high-bred lady of the nineteenth century in London, is certainly a sort of nondescript—a contradiction to all rules and rights. Lady Hauton made a point to set all ceremonials at defiance, though she could be the very slave of *étiquette* whenever it suited her convenience. She never did the honours of her house to any body: she was often decidedly rude. She would take a person up, and let them down, without any sort of reason; it was her whim and pleasure. She was unpunctual to the greatest degree, always kept every one waiting, and never arrived at a dinner till the fish and soup were sent away. If other people were smart, she would be a figure; and then she would appear a blaze of diamonds, where she thought it might astonish or annoy. She would talk the greatest nonsense to make people stare; and then ridicule her own absurdities to put them still more out of countenance; yet every body said Lady Hauton was charming,—so full of wit and talent,—perhaps rather original, but then she was the queen of fashion, and certainly might do any thing.

Lady Hauton was quite a privileged person. She could flirt farther than any body, and yet keep her character; she could say and do the most ridiculous things imaginable, and yet be considered sensible. Then in what did her power lay? Was it talent? Was it wit?

No! it might be all comprised in one little, simple word—"Impudence:—which was what her ladyship termed, the power which strong minds have over weak ones."

(To be continued.)

The Sabbath Muse: a Poem. Part the Second. 8vo. pp. 33. London, 1826. Simpkin and Marshall.

We remember to have spoken in terms of meet praise of the first part of the *Sabbath Muse*; the present one has the same beautiful characteristics—of sweet poetry and able argument. The author's verse, and the manner in which he treats his subjects, are equal-

ly excellent; the one is terse, antithetical, and euphonious; and the other is clear, logical, and correct. The following needs no comment from us:—

'Tis true, that death is terrible to sense,
And looks, as 'twere, the end of life and thought;

But, judged by sense, those lustrous orbs which now

Moor their bright navies in the tides of air,
Were sparks of fire no bigger than the flame
Of a small taper, or such golden spots

As kings may coin, and poets sometimes see,—
But seldom feel. Methinks, a handful, snatched
From yonder group, could not be missed above,
And I might count them out as gamblers do
Their stakes or gains, in thousands at a time.

Yet 'tis not so.—What seem to me so small
That I could grasp them, are all worlds, and worlds

So huge in size and motion, that a tilt
'Twixt one of them and the swift earth had made

Creation vibrate to the farthest star.

Ill, then, had fared the planet next the moon,
To ruin hurled, as, by the greater power

The less must be contrast in wrangling spheres.
'Tis thus the ship, gun-freighted, bound for war,

Hits the slight pinnace from its bulky side,
If chance they jostle, and, amid the foam

And roar of waters, is itself the storm
Whose anger rends and wrecks the shattered craft

That ne'er shall skim the salt sea wave again.'

The annexed definition of Slander is Shakspearian:—

'Not ev'n the poor reward of being known
And loved awaits sweet virtue, seldom praised.
We've seen how evils cross her rugged path;
But her chief foe is that with forked tongue,
The demon Slander. Other wrongs may cut,
And deeply, too, but this assassinates.

'Tis poison mixed with sound,—'tis murder aimed

At virtue's being,—'tis a thievish lie
That steals from worth and gives to envy,—'tis

A foul abuse of breath and lungs and thought,
And ears and hearts and every organ used

To strike or to imbibe the cursed stain;
It heaps on innocence the shame of guilt,

It gives to guilt the laugh at innocence,
It stops the music of the moral sphere,

It wakes a worse rebellion against Heaven
Than Babel; for it must be worse in his

Pure eyes,—who darts through all degrees of crime,

Like lightning through the thin folds of the air,—

To pull down virtue than to build up pride,
To wound than to aspire. And can it be,

That, in those deep afflictions, we behold
The finish and the close? and is it worth

The name of life to witness such a scene?
To cast one look of hot impatience round,

Confess one honest pang, and turn away
Disgusted, from the bitter mockery?

We give a passage of intense reasoning, unanswerable by the materialist:—

'Again, methinks, I hear the sceptic name
Another idol; for in Chance he sees

Too blind a ruler of this ordered scene;
Wherefore he tries to fit Necessity

Into the bright creation as its cause.
Necessity! Necessity! Necessity!

What and where art thou? If at all I know—
I know thee as a consequence of power,

And not as power—th' impression, not the seal.

Yet are there some who fain would dub thee,
God,
And set thee to the task of making worlds
Because thou couldst not help it. How thou
can'st

To stop so soon must pose their wits the while;
But thou art all a puzzle, first and last,
Beginning, middle, end:—the crabbed sphynx
Had none so hard, had none so huge as thou.
Nor thou, nor Chance, can tell how Nature first
Became this system, what directs it still,
And whither tends the whole! Too regular
For Chance, too varying for Necessity,
The wise disposal looks as if ordained
To guide our faith the surer:—Scylla here,
Charybdis there, and Truth's pure wave be-
tween.

We end with an episode, sweetly told and
illustrative:—

'E'en here whereto my thoughtful walk hath led,
Within this lone churchyard no sight obtrudes
To shake the constant mind. Not but I deem
The sexton's song, half buried in the grave,
Unmeet, irreverent, heartless. Round him lie
His playmates, friends, companions, rivals, kin;
The earth he digs is of them, and the air,
Which from his lungs he shakes in hoarse ca-
tarrh,

Is pestilent with their smell, yet he can work
Amid those sad memorials of past days,
Nor once attain the thought that's in a tear.
At length the knave is silent,—and behold,
The slow procession moving nods along,
While crowds pursue, as if the show were made
To flatter with its sight the curious eye,
To fill that empty bowl, the gossip's ear,
Or give another chance to vanity
Of mention ere it rot. But let it pass—
'Tis the last strut of pride, and may be borne.

'Here let me pause. A second group ap-
pears,—

Its outfit such as suits a village maid,—
Not drawn by proud steeds capering towards
the pit

Where earth meets earth and mingles, nor yet
graced

With empty chariots, empty compliments,
But in their place four virgin bearers weep,
And mourners two by two in line succeed,
The real sorrow dropping from their eyes
To part what once was Ellen and their friend.
'Tis not a meddling tongue that asks to know
Her story; therefore, hear it ye who feel.

'Her parents dying left her to the care
Of one that was a widow, whose sad heart
Lived in her son, a wanderer o'er the main.
Time passed, winds blew, seas rolled, and, with
the spring

That son returned to make it smile the more.
Full many a storm, and many a parching clime,
Had tanned the colour of the seaman's brow,
But still his bright blue eye illumed a face
Of manly beauty, which, when Ellen saw,
Her cheek to crimson glowed. He caught the
sign,

Improved the fair occasion, spoke of love;
'Twas the first time the sound had crossed her ear,
Or touched her senses with its sweet alarm.
Abashed, confounded, blushing to be seen,
She drooped as droops the green and tender leaf
Over the lily of the vale, to hide
The modest blossom growing in its heart.

Alas! that envious poverty should e'er
Forbid the banns when young affections meet.
Another voyage, but quick and prosperous,—
Another voyage, but luckier than the last,
Must Henry make ere he and Ellen wed.
He spoke of happy 'ventures, rich returns,

He talked of fortune, as if sands were gold,
And seas the shining witness where they lay.
But sands are fatal oft, and seas depose
The stoutest captain from his throne of oak
Which lacks a root to poise the watery storm.
They weep, they part, the mother and her son,
The lover and his mistress, he to face
The headlong wave, they to commune with wo,
And think of him together yet alone.
Time passed, winds blew, seas rolled, but not
again

Came Henry with the spring to smile on home:
Destruction dug his grave between two seas
That sloped against the sky, and vagrant winds
Came howling to his noisy funeral.

Through the vast deep, far from his native land,
Far from his mother's cot, his Ellen's care,
He plunged in uproar's arms, as the red bolt
Strikes through the surface at the centre's core,
And buries force in thunder. Soon, too soon,
The news arrived in England of that storm.
His aged mother sunk beneath the blow,
The heavy blow that fell on Ellen's brain,
A rafter from the ruin of her hopes.

Yet all shall soon be well with Ellen too.
Once from her friends the lovely maniac stole
At evening, and she sought the sea-beat shore.
The sun was sinking as her lover sunk,
She fancied it her lover, followed with
Her eyes, her tears, her prayers, the downcast
orb,

'Till o'er its head the waters rushed with night
And quenched the struggling beam. Then
shrieks were heard,—

Who heard them hastened to the sufferer's
aid;—

They found her on the beach, but ere they came
The sun had set, and Ellen was no more.'

Deep thought, in beautiful expression,
glows in every page of this noble though
brief production. The author, with the
purest aim and end, calls to his aid the fas-
cinating charms of poetry, culls from the
abundant mass the most exquisite materials,
and at once ennobles himself and his sub-
ject. We trust so glorious a poem will pro-
ceed, and we wait with anxiety the publica-
tion of its succeeding portions.

Paul Jones: a Romance. By ALLAN CUN-
NINGHAM, Author of *Sir Marmaduke Max-
well, Traditional Tales, &c. &c.* In three
vols. post 8vo. pp. 1123. Edinburgh and
London, 1826. Oliver and Boyd, Long-
man and Co.

To know by whom this romance is written is
almost enough to ensure it success; and the
subject too—we would have wagered it one
of Allan's choosing. Rich in legendary lore,
well skilled in narrating it, with all the me-
mories of his sweet ballads and interesting
tales floating around us, our bonnie Scot en-
ters our presence, erect in the pride of his
merit, and we right heartily bid him wel-
come. If to unlock the mysteries of other
days with a spell equal to that which first
bound them; if to hallow a spot of earth, or
an expanse of wave, by the magical recital of
some bold deed of arms, or a softer feat of
love done there; if to possess majesty of
style, with tenderness and passion, be envia-
ble, and worthy of the world's admiration,
then is Allan Cunningham the most enviable
among men. With these high attainments
are joined others even worthier far, with

which in our critical capacity we have no-
thing to do, saving that it is ours, elsewhere,
to remember and imitate them. Many of
our readers will recollect those exquisite
series of tales in the *London Magazine*, each
of which was rich in happily-chosen subjects
and concentrated interest. Vivid pictures of
Scotia's former days were presented to an
admiring public, glowing with national and
local truth. Barons of eld, stern and digni-
fied portraiture, rode, hunted, and fought
before us; the unprotected ladye of feudal
times had her perils and her defenders;—
each rock, frith, glen, hill-top, and valley
that was enshrouded in traditional darkness
gleamed forth afresh, like Ben Lomond after
a mist has rolled from his lowering crest;
and the dead of many ages rose as at the wand
of an enchanter, and at command lived their
lives of dread again. Nor on Caledonia
alone did our author employ his splendid
talents—England, in her most romantic re-
gions, furnished him with many themes, and,
urged by his appeal, gave up her dreamy
histories of love and war into the hands of
one who returned them to her—a carkanet of
splendid things.

Mr. Cunningham's present work is every
way worthy of him. All already known of
Paul Jones is incorporated in its pages, and
to these slender materials the author has
added incidents, descriptions, and characters
in excellent keeping with the rest, and formed
a romance worthy of the subject and its fa-
shioner. In this admixture of fact and fic-
tion, there is rather too much of colouring,
but this is done with so masterly a hand, that
we forget the apparent want of taste in its
erring beauty. We are introduced in the
first chapter to two young men seated side
by side on the ground in a small woody bay
on the Scottish side of the sea of Solway, a
place of great natural beauty, and called
from a wild legend, which mariners con-
nected with it, the Mermaid's Bay. They
meet to fight: the one is Lord Dalveen, a
descendant of an ancient Scottish family,
and the other John Paul, afterwards well
known as Paul Jones, whose mother resides
in a cottage on the estate of his lordship.
Their quarrel is finely drawn, and we quote
a portion of it to give our readers an insight
into the characters of the two combatants,
who form the chief personages in the ro-
mance:—

'Silence had continued between them for
five minutes space or more; but the impa-
tience of their natures made silence more irk-
some than intemperate speech. The taller
arose—resumed his mantle—fastened it so as
to fall negligently down on the left side,—
threw his hat carelessly on his head,—wiped
his brow and hands with an embroidered
handkerchief, which perfumed for a moment
the air around, and then glanced at his sha-
dow in the moon, like a deer gazing upon its
limbs and branching horns mirrored in the
clear lake out of which it drinks.

"Paul," he said, addressing his compa-
nion in a careless and familiar tone, "you
handle a small sword well—you have a foot
as firm, a hand as active, and an eye as skil-
ful and quick, as any man I have encounter-

ed. If
vehemen
impatien
check, I
browbea
outstare
your I
pierce i
to the d
lines of
seven—
porpois
in the s
mate o
town of
passing
as you
pick u
which
fish a
serable
sumed
and ste
await t

"L
spoke v
for you
hand of
and tha
near t
friend,
dictate
for, ble
willing
father's
yourself
"This
said Pa
you ha
dear to
smile,
prince
men's
church
man to
The ti
tions a
my pr
blemat
strong
ring ti
admon
be em
was ta
of tho
descer
I than
"Th
and w
his ve
on the
his ha
exclai
and in
me up
thee t
lence.
half-b
"Lo
he dro
said,
the M
off—t

ed. If you could control for a time the fiery vehemence of your nature,—for there's an impatience about you which I advise you to check, lest it do you a mischief,—you might browbeat a Frenchman, strike an Italian, and outstare a Spaniard, without fear of exposing your bosom to a blade skilful enough to pierce it. How say you?—shall we return to the dance?—shall we count the successive lines of the Solway tide?—I have numbered seven—shall we keep an hour's note of the porpoises, one by one, as they roll lazily on in the swelling frith?—shall we make an estimate of the probable wealth of the good town of Dumfries from the number of vessels passing and repassing during the tide?—or, as you still look lordly upon it, let us even pick up these little glittering instruments which are rusting in the dew, and give the fish a feast,—let us do something—it is miserable to be idle." As he spoke, he resumed his sword, put it beneath his left arm, and stepped two paces back, seemingly to await the decision of his opponent.

"Lord Dalveen," said Paul, rising as he spoke with his weapon in his hand, "decide for yourself—the point of the sword or the hand of forgiveness—choose between them,—and that before the turn of the tide,—see it is near the height."—"Nay, but my good friend," answered Lord Dalveen, "I cannot dictate to you, even though you desire me; for, blessed be my humility of nature, I am willing to forget that you are the son of my father's servant, and ready to believe, with yourself, in the natural equality of man." "This belief is quite new to your lordship," said Paul,—"abide by it—change it not as you have changed all else about you that was dear to me—such belief is honourable;—you smile, my lord,—but the day is at hand when princes of the earth as well as lords shall hear men's equality preached,—not in the sacred church, but in the open field—not with human tongues, but with bullet and bayonet. The tide is nigh the full, my lord, with nations as well as with you and me."—"Now, my prophetic friend," replied the young nobleman, "you have excited my curiosity so strongly, that I wish to live to see those stirring times when princes and peers are to be admonished by powder and ball. There will be empty coronets, and as an earl's bauble was taken from my grandfather's brow at one of those same field-preachings, may not his descendant pick up some such glittering toy? I thank you for the hint."

"The dark eyes of Paul appeared to lighten, and wrath circulated like liquid fire through his veins. His hat in a moment was thrown on the grass, and his sword was gleaming in his hand. "Am I only born to endure, he exclaimed in a stern voice, "thy cool insults and ironical scorn?—may that sea swallow me up if its tide turn before I have taught thee to mix some meekness with thy insolence." And he advanced his sword within half-blade's length of his adversary's bosom.

"Lord Dalveen stood calm and unmoved; he dropped his mantle, drew his sword, and said, "a boon, a boon, thou courteous knight! the Mermaid-crag is some threescore paces off—the tide at its foot is some three fathoms

deep,—now, should such a chance happen as my sword's failing to guard my bosom, you will fold me up in my cloak, and give me to the custody of the Solway. It is a virtuous water, and will be silent;—be you silent too, my friend, even for the sake of an ancient lady who lives in yon old tower." He said this with that tone of wayward and careless gaiety which was peculiar to his nature in the most serious and eventful moments, and then added gravely, "Can I do aught for thee, thou son of Cassandra, heir of Peter Lilly, and rival of Francis Moore, physician?—art thou curious in the economy of sepulture, my prophetic friend?" "Leave me lying," said Paul, "with my back to the ground and my face to the sky;"—and they fronted each other, and crossed their swords, resolved not to part without blood."

They are interrupted first by the approach of Grace Joysan, a crazed maiden, one of Lord Dalveen's numerous victims, and secondly by Lady Phemie Dalzell, his lordship's cousin, who, remarking their absence from an entertainment given in honour of his return to claim his title and estate, surmises their feud, and arrives at the place of conflict in time to prevent an effusion of blood. Young Paul is represented as having a fearless courage, an exquisite perception of right and wrong, with an impetuosity of temper often marring his best intentions, and rendering him an object of fear, as well as of love. Lord Dalveen has courage equal to Paul's, with a mind crafty in the extreme, and a degree of hereditary pride overshadowing the better portions of his nature, with which, and the indulgence of insatiate passion he becomes so degraded as to partake more of the character of the fiend than of the man.

The first volume contains the reckless freaks of the young lord; his daring villainy: his transient repentance; his engagement with smugglers, who frequent the coast, to carry off Maud, the sister of Paul; his rencontre with her infuriated brother; the intercession of Lady Emeline, his grandmother, by whose command, the two foes are taken before Patrick Mac Mitimus, Esq., a magistrate, (of whom, and a party of Cameronians, a humorous sketch is given,) and the committal of Paul, by the man of law, to his majesty's ship Wasp, from which danger of transportation he escapes, and retires to the United States of America, to carry war and destruction, under a feigned name, round the shores and on the soil of his native country. From this volume we shall give two or three brief extracts. The description of Paul's mother and sister, with part of their conversation, is so natural and charming, that although there are many passages wooing our attention, we cannot pass them over in silence:—

"On this secluded house the sun had set, and his retiring light still lingered on the hill-head and on the ship-streamers in the bay. The wood-doves had returned from feeding on the wild blueberry,—the crows already darkened all the pine-tree tops,—the bat was abroad, and flickered about in the dewy air,—while the beetle, uttering his contented

hum, struck against the shepherd as he returned from his flocks on the neighbouring hills. In an old chair of carved oak, enjoying the fresh air of the twilight, Prudence Paul was sitting, her white mutch bordered with broad lace, and her gown of shining gray, long and wide, and glistening like silk, descended not so low as to conceal two neat feet, with glossy shoes and little fastenings of solid silver. In her hand she held a hank of the finest woollen yarn, mixed purple and white, smooth and fitted for hose, such as the young men then were fond of wearing. Her looks were staid and touched with sorrow,—her eye, dark and sparkling, had in her youth given lustre to district verse; and the fastidious neatness of her dress and the purity of her dwelling brought that charge of household and personal pride upon her which has been urged against the Dutch,—she wiped the seats upon which strangers had sat,—she wiped the floor over which they walked,—and of the well out of which they had drank would she not taste, till it had freed itself from all suspicion of impurity, by running an hour or more.

"At her side there sat a softer vision of herself,—her daughter Maud, in the opening bloom of maiden beauty,—dark eyed, dark tressed,—as pure as the spring out of which she drank, and as healthy as the lily that flowered on its margin. Her white shoulders and round neck were flooded by the dark clustering abundance of her locks; and her eyes large, moving in liquid light, and of a deep hazel hue, were every now and then lifted up from the task on which her hands were engaged, and fixed on her mother with a glance expressing duty and awe. Her dress was a bodice of brown, with an open and expanding collar, which allowed the breeze free circulation,—with a little shawl of the finest silk, and ornamented with curious skill, but laid aside to admit the sweet fresh air of the twilight; and a petticoat of that glossy and beautiful cloth known by the homely name of linsey-woolsey, which rivalled in lustre much of our modern silk. A string of Solway pearls inclosed her neck, and massy bracelets of pure gold, her brother's present, encircled her wrists, adding little by contrast to her loveliness; but rather from their value bringing an imputation of personal vanity against her, from which she was free. In truth, though conscious of the beauty of her person, and skilful in the female art of adding to her natural allurements, she loved her only brother with such intense and elevated affection, that the richness of the metal of her bracelets did not at all increase their value in her esteem—had they been of tin, or brass, or horn, she would have worn them, and glanced her eye as often upon them in sisterly pride and satisfaction.

"Maud," said her mother, "see that ye knit this yarn with a nice and a careful hand. When Paul shows thy work and mine in a foreign land, let it be no reproach, but an ornament. He has thy father's limbs, my love, and they will well beseem thy best knitting. He has thy father's glance too, Maud, and too much, I am afraid, of his poor mother's spirit; yet his spirit becomes

him. A handsomer man than thy father never darkened the door of a bridal chamber; and on the day that we were married I could have defied seven parishes to show such a pair. So use thy nicest skill, my love; and the linen too, which I made against his coming home, we shall bleach it on the rivulet bank till it becomes as pure as that water-lily, there where it lies, with its white bloom glistening on its single broad green leaf."

"Mother," said Maud Paul, "I have taxed my nicest skill. O, I wish my brother would return,—what has he to do with Lord Dalveen, with that cool head and corrupted heart. On that man, beautiful though he be, and heir of a wide inheritance, I shudder to look; while, on my gallant brother I could sit and gaze from sunrise to sunset, and begin again by the moon. Our maidens say he is finely formed, and that he steps like one born to rule and command. There is something nobler than mere shape about him,—there is a pride of knowledge in his eye,—a resolution on his expanding brow,—and from his whole countenance courage and genius beam to me as visibly as the morning lets out its light. A fair shape is easily found,—the basest heart may inhabit a marble lodging; but the spirit of a generous and noble nature exalts the meanest form,—it is a portion of Heaven, worthy of woman's worship, and worthy alone of her love."

"You have well expressed the character of your brother's countenance," said her mother, "nor has a sister's affection magnified the good gifts of Heaven. But, alas! his soul and his spirit are not made to prosper in times like these. John Paul is too impatient ever to sit down a quiet and laborious dresser of the ground, and manage his flocks, and carry his corn to a quiet and lucrative market. He would whet his sickle before the grain swelled in the shot blade,—nor would he have patience to wait till his flocks were fattened, though feeding on the richest clover. Alas! all his pleasure is a ship under sail,—the warfare of winds and waves,—the dangers of wild shores and the din of battle. He was never like other children, even from his cradle upwards."

"I mind well," said Maud with a smile, "when he took the twin eagles from under their mother's bosom on the top of Barn-hourie-rock,—when he carried away the young herons from the trysting-tree on the side of Lochlorane. Danger was his delight when a child, and still seems his pastime. Long, long, has he remained away, and now he is come home with a sterner look, and with a mood of mind not always willing to hear a sister's speech. I wish he would bide at home,—there's room enough on the Solway."

"Foolish maiden," answered Prudence, "a man must act like a man,—he cannot always be robbing birds' nests, groping trouts in the streams, and gathering wild flowers and hind-berries for a fond and giddy sister. I love these determined looks and those stern glances which alarm thee. They become him, girl, even more than meekness becomes a maiden. Room enough in Solway, child!—there's not room in Scotland,—it is a

churlish nook, and England is a proud land,—they reward not their humble sons. Why should he stay here, to hold the stirrup to some haughty lord, to wear some rich man's livery, and to grow like a tree on the soil till his roots are too large for transplanting? No, no, my son shall not stand like a weed by the highway-side, to be dishonoured by the dust of every proud man's chariot wheels. I would rather see his corse borne to my feet by the waves of Solway, and lay him in the grave with the hands that nursed him."

"Mother, mother, these are proud words,—but they are becoming. Yet I would rather see my brother laird of an acre of brown moor in Scotland, than see him Lord of Kentucky, of which he has told us so much, and master of ten thousand slaves. This little house, with its floor of clay,—that green hill whereon we often sit to watch the coming of the ships,—yon small glen, with its burn glancing under the lady-braken and the juniper-bough, where we bleach our linen,—and yon silent kirk-yard, where my blessed father lies, are dearer to me than all other places, and the world has not wealth enough to bribe my affections from them."

"Bless thee, my daughter," said the matron bursting into tears, "bless thee for that speech. I was forgetting thy father in love for my son. And well, indeed, Maud, may I love him, for he has been a kind and a tender son to me. He is the express image of my mind, and of my body too, more than he is of thy father's,—well then may I love him. But thou canst not remember thy father; thou wert but three years old on that terrible night which widowed my couch, and made my babes fatherless." She turned her head away, her eyes were moistening, and a large drop trembled under each eye-lash, but did not fall."

For the sake of variety, and to show our author's tact in the delineation of rougher character, we subjoin the following graphic sketch of the smugglers at the time of Paul's visit to them:—

"Paul, as he advanced, was instantly recognised by a Scottish mariner, who had appeared to drink largely, and certainly sang as boisterously as any of his companions. Though seemingly drenched in drunkenness, he shook off the stupor of drowsiness and intoxication, like one who only wore it as a garment, and starting to his feet, cried,—“Aha, John Paul, I little thought, when we parted on the shores of America, that our first meeting should be at midnight in a Colvend cavern. But come moisten your lips in some of the sinful contraband,—taste of our western elixir—the charmed drops distilled from the hollow cane, filled with liquid sweetness, called by the learned, rum. O stay, here is another commodity,—the liquid of life distilled from the forbidden fruit, known only among the wise by the mysterious name of brandy. Or, what say you to the heart's blood of the mother of dubs and ditches, old Madam Holland,—right stuff, I assure you, brought direct between the wings of the good ship the Wild-Goose, Captain Corbie, commander, and poor Robin Macgubb, one of her seven score good ma-

riners." And taking a small silver jug to a little springlet, which leapt from a chasm in the rock into a basin of stone, he rinsed it carefully, and pouring it half-full of a clear liquid from a case-bottle, presented it to Paul. "Thy health, Macgubb, and may fortune be with thee," said Paul, and setting the silver vessel to his lips, he emptied it at a draught. "You must taste, likewise, Halliday," said Paul, and the jug was instantly replenished. "Nay, no strange faces, man; what, do you think there's dog's-pluck or herring-bone, or eye of newt or toe of frog, in the cordial of old Lady Holland? There is no pledge to blows and blood,—no charm to entice thee from old Scotland, whose coarse plaid you esteem more than a silken covering. It is good innocent liquor, I assure thee."

"Innocent," growled Captain Corbie, seeking to shake off the chains with which drink, as a harsh gaoler, had loaded his body,—“innocent, ay as the unborn babe. Why a cut here, and a shot there,—a peevish wench squealing one time, and a man moaning his lost wealth at another,—it's but the way of the world since Adam delved, and it is the practice of the jolly trader. Innocent! why, who questions it?" And he fixed his eye on Halliday, who, with a look of mingled scorn and curiosity, stood eyeing this salt-water desperado. "Why, who in the fiend's name have we got here?" said the captain; "that keen blue eye,—that broad brow,—that curly head,—that stalworth frame, and that look of resolution, all mark him out for as true a heart as ever stept from stem to stern. Ay, ay, some lord of the hollow oak, the strained canvass, the loaded cannon, the cutlass, and the boarding-pike, I'll warrant ye. Here, man, dip your face up to the curls in this good cup-full of the right Nantz,—if you cannot drain that at a breath, you are but a vile worm of the earth—not one of the kings of the great deep,—damme, I hope I won't begin to preach,—an' there's worse trades than preaching too,—there's sleek Doctor Hodgson, a smooth dean with three pretty pluralities. He's one of the kings of the earth, and all that is therein, every tenth year."

"Paul now stept forward, and said,—“Why you have forgot me, Captain Corbie." There was something in the sound of Paul's voice which sent the captain's hand to the hilt of his cutlass,—he stared him full in the face, withdrew his hand, and answered, "Forgot you? why, ay, brother,—I generally forget all such smooth faces as have no marks for me to know them by again; so away they go,—it's all one to Ned Corbie of the good ship the Wild Goose. Here, friend, dip thy face in this liquid; it will promote the growth of thy beard."—"Pray, Captain Corbie, is there a little isle in the West Indies called the isle of Saba?" said Paul; "and are you sure that you never met with a sloop with some score of mariners on board, one of whom prevented you from doing a deed of extreme folly?" Corbie threw on Paul a glance of fear and hatred, and raising, at the same time, a large cup of liquor to his lips, continued gazing on him till he had emptied

it. "O this sea but it w it once Andrew the po of that man!—malice your se pistol, you ha longitu temper it an't girl tha a marl Howsc your l in such when y idle tal too mu from h Saba breast, his sea yet, wi enness pered, some f trivanc cup an Pas scene, body escape the us portion abduct worthy of the nautic Mac friend course peasan time. reader "I you desire peasan could and f tion,—and lo next mon,—but h the in us, an Nor here,—air, th the fi has f hares vale, ven way f so he sougl

it. "O, and it's you is it then?" muttered this sea worthy—"A deed of folly, why, ay; but it would have been an act of wisdom had it once been done. I have a damned Saint Andrew's cross scored on my breast-bone by the point of your cutlass to show, in memory of that cursed isle. But what says the wise man!—says Solomon, says he, nourish no malice; so there's my right hand, it is at your service, my forward lad, either with the pistol, the cutlass, or the wine-cup. Why, you have shot up a little both in latitude and longitude since we met in the dark.—Your temper was then as touchy as brimstone.—and it an't much cooler yet I suppose. And the girl that you pricked my linen about wasn't a marlin-spike the worse for all my fondness. Howsoever, it's of no use talking.—I drink your health, Paul, my lad,—and don't be in such a damned hurry with your whinger when you hear an idle girl squeak,—but it's idle talking." This additional draught seemed too much for the captain,—he dropt the cup from his hand,—muttered something about Saba and sword,—his chin sank on his breast,—he reeled right, then left,—slipt from his seat, and extended himself on the floor,—yet, with more caution than extreme drunkenness observes; and one of his sailors whispered, that his commander was planning some fruitful expedition, as his power of contrivance was always augmented by the wine-cup and the flagon.

Passing over, through necessity, a fine scene, in which the Cameronians bear a dead body across the river Nith, and their near escape from drowning by refusing to hasten the usual funereal pace, an equally startling portion, where Paul seeks his sister after her abduction, and many other touches of nature worthy of Allan, we arrive at the conclusion of the volume. Paul has just escaped the nautical imprisonment promised him by Mac Mittenus, and his mother and his friend Halliday are near him; their discourse is on the present advantages of the peasants, as compared with those of former time. The matter is curious, and we beg the reader's attention:—

"Halliday, my friend," interrupted Paul, "you mistake this entirely. The rich man desired the peasant's field, and took it,—the peasant's garden, and took it,—he saw he could make a sordid penny per year more, and for this paltry gain he sacrificed affection,—old habits of reverence and obedience, and love of ancient standing. The rich man next coveted the poor man's right of common,—he could not openly take that away, but he stole it by act of parliament. Thus the inheritance of the earth was taken from us, and we were caged up like wild beasts. Nor did the rich man's covetousness stop here,—he fell in love with the fowls of the air, the fish of the sea, and the wild beasts of the field. He said, the fish with which God has filled that river are mine,—the wild hares, which roam at will on mountain and vale, are mine,—and so are the fowls of heaven which dwell in the air, and wing their way from moor to hill.—all are mine. And so he took them; and when the poor men sought a share, and presumed to take what

was and is their own, they were imprisoned and banished from their native country."

"My son," said Prudence, "desist from this profitless talk now, and come home with me,—I have got a fairer home than I lost, and a board as well replenished,—thanks to the bounty of a sweet young lady, whose like is not in all this south country. With the morning's light I will go myself and kneel to the noble Douglas of Selkirk, and rise not from my knees till thy hard sentence is remitted. Nay, I will go to that hard-hearted man who condemned you,—you know not what a mother's tongue and a mother's tears can do."

"Mother," said Paul, "give your knees to no one for me,—my course is determined,—neither the wise words of friendship, nor the warm words of maternal love, shall shake me, though they may afflict me. Look on the Solway. See ye yon ship moving in the middle of the bay?—from you and from my country it shall carry me. The hands that guide it are not of this land, yet to me they are as obedient as younger brethren. Look again." He took a pistol from his pocket, and fired it seaward,—cavern and cliff re-echoed with the sound,—and he said, "See you aught?"

"There is a bustle on deck, my son," said Prudence, "and a boat is lowered into the water."—"And I see ten men leap into it," said Halliday, "their pistols and cutlasses are glancing in the moon. They sit motionless,—see, the light shows that the ship is an armed one. What are they!—and what want they here!"

"Look again, and tell me what you see," said Paul, and another pistol flashed in his hand and made the caverns ring.—"I hear a loud shout," answered Halliday,—"the oars are all dipt at once,—the water foams to their stroke,—they will be at our feet in a moment." He had scarcely done speaking, when the boat, urged on by ten men, struck against the bank,—ten hands lifted the hats back from as many bronzed faces, and they all stood up and waited in silence.

Paul folded his mother in his arms,—kissed her lip and brow, and knelt for a moment like one awaiting a blessing. He rose hastily up, wrung the hand of Halliday, and stepped to the side of the sea, and said, "Farewell friend, farewell foe, farewell to my ancestors' dust, the bosom that nourished me, and the tender tongue that lulled me to sleep. Ye hills of England, and ye shores of Scotland, farewell for a time. When you next behold me, I shall not be a fugitive and a vagabond as I am now,—my face shall be painted with powder and blood,—you shall know me by the light of your blazing ships and your burning towns. Your bays shall be filled with slaughter, and in the eyes of the long mantled dames of Dumfries there shall be frequent tears. When your ships are sinking in the frith, and your towns blazing to Heaven, then shall remorse come upon you, and you shall say, when it cannot avail you, had we been just to John Paul, we should never have trembled for Paul Jones."

Paul sprang into his boat; the oars were dipt suddenly in the water; the ship fired a

salute; an hundred voices cheered and received him on board with the acclamation due to a favourite leader. The ship got immediately under weigh, and her white sails were displayed against the moon. As she moved steadily along, one of her cannon was fired shoreward; an eighteen-pound ball struck the summit of the Sea-eagle rock; the hoary pinnacle emitted fire and trembled for a moment. It dropt from its place, an height of an hundred feet, and plunged into the ocean.

For the present we conclude; in our next we shall proceed in our pleasing task.

The Hunting Directory. By T. B. JOHNSON, Author of the Shooter's Companion, &c. 8vo. pp. 312. London, 1826. Sherwood & Co.

THE author of the present work has several times appeared before the public with success. His subjects are ever interesting and varied, although all of them are connected with the sports of the field. An ardent admirer of the chase, he has not only followed it as an healthy and exhilarating amusement, but has compiled from his own observation and practice, and the opinions of others, an excellent and valuable manual, containing a compendious view of the ancient and modern systems of the chase, the method of breeding and managing the various kinds of hounds, particularly fox-hounds, and the treatment of their diseases, with a certain cure for the distemper. The work also treats of the pursuits of the fox, the hare, the stag, &c., and the nature of scent is likewise considered and elucidated, together with a variety of illustrative opinions, founded on practical experience, put together with considerable tact, and explained in an able and perspicuous manner. To a young sportsman, a publication like this is invaluable, and, even to old ones, there are contained in it many useful hints, worthy of their attention. Mr. Johnson seems to have begun and finished his task *en amore*; and we doubt not his labours will receive that reward to which their merits justly entitle them. Dryden says, and our author has adopted his words as a motto to his work,—

"Better to hunt in fields for health unbought,
Than fee the doctor for a nauseous draught."

To all those who wish to follow such good advice, the Hunting Directory will be a useful guide; but it behoves us to let our intelligent sportsman speak for himself:—

"STAG HUNTING.

"In regard to stag hunting, upon which I intend to make a few observations, it has gradually given way to the increasing cultivation of the country; and as the object of pursuit has nearly ceased to exist in a state of unlimited freedom, this noble and princely diversion has, of course, in a great degree subsided. Some few wild deer are still to be met with in Ireland; in the Highlands of Scotland, particularly in the neighbourhood of Blair Athol, these beautiful animals are still to be found roaming at large; in some parts of Devonshire, wild deer may be occasionally seen: but the mode in which the

pursuit of the stag is at present conducted in this country, (with very little, if any, exception,) is by taking a semi-domesticated deer in a cart to an appointed spot, and turning him out before the hounds. Reasonable law is allowed him; nor is this all; for if the hounds approach too near their game, they are stopped, and the stag allowed to get ahead again. Sometimes the animal is sulky, and will not run; but supposing the contrary, and the stag goes away in gallant style, the hounds would soon run up to him, if they were not stopped: the stag is very soon blown, and if not allowed to get second wind, the business of course must be over in a few minutes. However, by repeatedly stopping the hounds, the chase is sometimes lengthened to several hours, and is thus, no doubt, highly gratifying to the stag hunter; but would perhaps appear like an apology for hunting in the estimation of a fox hunter.

His late majesty, George III. was very partial to stag-hunting; but it has been remarked that if he "had ever seen a fox well found and handsomely killed," he would have preferred the pursuit of the fox to that of the stag; I have no doubt such would have been the case—it could not have been otherwise. The stag-hunting of George III. was gorgeous and imposing, and this monarch was affable in the field. The late king sat tolerably well on horseback; yet the hounds were frequently stopped to enable him to come up, when they were again suffered to proceed; a fox hunter would have thought little of such doings; but he would nevertheless have been highly gratified with the pleasing familiarity of the king. His present majesty, George IV. does not attend the royal hounds, though they go out regularly by his command, and are kept up in as much style, (if not more,) than they were during the life of his father.

The Earl of Derby also has an establishment for stag-hunting; and his lordship pursues the stag during the season in Surrey. The hounds for the purpose have been bred from fox hounds, and are consequently very fleet. There are a few other stag-hunting establishments in England, which, however, do not require any particular notice in this place.

The stag hunting of former days was a very different business. Prior to the inclosure of the various forests, wild deer were plentiful, and the stag at this period, in all probability, afforded excellent runs—in fact, stag-hunting at that time might be regarded in the same light as fox-hunting is viewed at the present day, namely, as superior to all other diversions of the field.

Of the stag-hunting of former times, some idea may be formed from the following:—

The huntsman rose at early morn to track the deer to his lair, and then being sure of his game, returned to the sportsmen, who, we must suppose, dined at our hour of breakfast, and afterwards hied them to the chase.

"I am the hunt, which rathe and earely rise,
(My bottell fild with wine in any wise)

Two droughts I drinke, to stay my steps with-
all,

For each foote one, because I would not fall.

Then take my hound, in liam me behind,
The stately hart in fryth or fell to find.
And whiles I seeke his slotte where he hath
fedde,

The sweet byrdes sing, to cheare my drowsie
head.

And when my hound doth straine upon good
vent,

I must confesse, the same doth me content.

But when I haue my couerts walkt about,

And haibrad fast, the hart for comming out;

Then I retorne, to make a graue report,

Whereas I find th' assembly doth resort.

And lowe I crouch, before the lordlings all,

Out of my horne, the fewmets let I fall,

On other signes and tokens do I tell,

To make them hope, the hart may like them
well.

Then they command, that I the wine should
taste;

So biddes mine art—and so my throat I baste.

The dinner done, I go straightwayes againe,

Vnto my markes, and show my master plaine.

Then put my hound, vpon the view to drawe,

And rowse the hart out of his layre by lawe.

O gamsters all, a little by your leaue)

Can you such ioyes in trifling games conceaue?"

We pass by much useful information to extract an account of the distemper—a disease very prevalent in dogs, with a cure for the same:—

The distemper frequently attacks a hound before he has attained his first year. As a preliminary observation, it may be remarked, that the same membrane which lines the nostrils extends down the wind-pipe into the lungs; and the distemper, in the first instance, may be regarded as an inflammation of this membrane, which, if not timely removed, extends down to the lungs, where suppuration will soon be produced; when the animal's eye will become dull, accompanied by a mucous discharge, a cough, and loss of appetite. As the disease advances it presents various appearances, but is frequently attended with twitchings about the head, while the animal becomes excessively weak in the loins and hinder extremities; indeed he appears completely emaciated, and smells intolerably. At length, the twitchings assume the appearance of convulsive fits, accompanied with giddiness, which cause the dog to turn round: he has a constant disposition to dung, with obstinate costiveness or incessant purging.

On the first appearance of the symptoms which I have described, I should recommend the dog to be bled* very freely and his body opened with a little castor oil or syrup of buckthorn: this will generally remove the disease altogether, if applied the moment the first symptoms appear. If, however, this treatment should not have the desired effect, and a cough ensues, accompanied with a discharge at the nose, give him from two grains to eight of tartar emetic, (according to the age and size of the dog,) every other day. When the nervous symptoms ensue, which I have already described, external stimulants, (such as sal-ammoniac and oil, equal parts,) should be rubbed along the course of the

* The quantity of blood taken to be regulated by the age and size of the dog.

spinal marrow, and tonics given internally, such as bark, &c.

Of the various remedies, the following was given with success to a dog, so afflicted as to be scarcely able to stand:—

Turbeth's mineral, six grains
mixed with sulphur, and divided into three doses, one given every other morning. Let a few days elapse, and repeat the course.

Another:—

Calomel, one grain and a half
rhubarb, five grains

given every other day for a week.

Another:—

Antimonial powder, sixteen grains
powdered fox-glove, one grain

made into four bolusses with conserve of roses, and one given at night, and another the next morning for two days.

I have known whitening administered for the distemper, a table spoonful every morning, with a little opening physic occasionally.

I have uniformly found a complete cure effected from copious and repeated venesection in the early stage of the distemper, accompanied with a little opening medicine—syrup of buckthorn, for instance. In the kennel of Sir Harry Mainwaring the distemper generally swept away a third of the young hounds at least. In the present year (1826) my system of treating the distemper was adopted, and a single whelp has not been lost; in fact, not one has been seriously affected. Head, the huntsman, bled them freely on the first indication of the disease, and administered an opening dose, which effectually answered the purpose.

With this we close, and have no hesitation in recommending Mr. Johnson's Hunting Directory to all those who are either followers or admirers of field sports.

ROMAN TABLETS.

OUR review of this volume, last week, was sufficiently lengthy, but the following account of Italian brigands possesses so much interest, that we doubt not our readers will derive much amusement from its insertion in our pages. After a description of the banditti's uniform dress, and the mention of a band renowned from its cruelty, the author thus proceeds:—

But the troop which had its head quarters in the neighbourhood of Sonnino was still more terrific. The chiefs Masocco and Garbarone had displayed an infernal genius in the invention of crimes. Between Fondi and Rome every one shuddered at the mention of their names. At the time of my arrival in this city, their ferocious exploits occupied the attention of every one. The pontifical government, which, in urgent cases, adopts only half measures, and forms no plans but such as are ill combined, not having been able to succeed in capturing these monsters, did not blush to treat with them as between nation and nation. The cardinal-secretary of state was deputed to negotiate with them. He had an interview with the chief Masocco and his principal lieutenants near Terracina. These men, after having made the most ex-

travagant
to receive
ments pr
Garbarone
condition
bled his
self entir
dispositi
from the
ducing
pardon,
Garbarone
mises of
sals with
swered
thing bu
heard an
At la
timable
self with
of these
several
vered th
tizens,"
the sake
general
ployme
you all
the dec
houses
that de
nions w
assure t
ence fr
partly l
ly by l
The go
this fir
greater
them;
where
the ne
the ba
in all
&c.
tender
confes
ment
affecte
on see
is but
'On
having
source
the cl
they c
transp
rector
and a
turn,
discov
duced
'Th
place
in th
took t
tered
Fasan
agree
listen
pid s
"the
rest o

travagant demands, would have been content to receive the pensions and lucrative employments promised them by the cardinal. But Garbarone, the other chief, not finding the conditions sufficiently advantageous, redoubled his depredations, and abandoned himself entirely to the impetuosity of his ferocious disposition. New deputations were sent from the court of Rome, with still more seducing offers, to engage them to accept its pardon, and the remission of all their sins. Garbarone, presenting a deaf ear to the promises of the holy father, received his proposals with arrogance and disdain; and answered them by new outrages, so that nothing but cries of anguish and distress were heard among the inhabitants of the country.

At last the rector of Terracina, a man estimable for his virtues and piety, armed himself with a large crucifix, and went in search of these brigands. After having wandered several days among the mountains, he discovered them. "Have pity on your fellow-citizens," said he to them; "do not do evil for the sake of evil. What do you desire? A general pardon? Pensions? Lucrative employments? The government not only grants you all these, but it engages also to revoke the decree against Sonnino, to rebuild your houses which have been rased by virtue of that decree, to set at liberty all your companions who have been made prisoners, and to assure them, as well as yourselves, an existence free from every want." He succeeded partly by his eloquence, but more particularly by his offers, in persuading the banditti. The good missionary was not content with this first success, he was ambitious of a still greater, he wished to work a reformation in them; he conducted them to his college, where the children of the richest families in the neighbourhood were educated. At first the banditti showed themselves very zealous in all the pious exercises of fasting, prayer, &c. The soul of the good rector melted with tenderness at their penitent behaviour; he confessed them, and administered the sacrament to them repeatedly. No ruffians ever affected so well the appearance of contrition: on seeing them, you would have said, there is but a single step from crime to devotion.

On a sudden the scene changed. After having fully informed themselves of the resources and fortunes of the families to which the children they were living with belonged, they carried them all off in one night, and transported them into the mountains. The rector was absent: imagine what his grief and astonishment must have been on his return, at finding his seminary empty! He discovered, when too late, that he had introduced wolves into the sheepfold.

The evening before this catastrophe took place at Terracina, I stopped several hours in this town. On my arrival at Valettri, I took the public conveyance for Rome. I entered into conversation with a Roman, Signor Fasani, a man about sixty, of an open and agreeable countenance. Observing that I listened to him with pleasure, he traced a rapid sketch of the four seasons of his life: "the last," said he, "is preferable to all the rest on account of the true and solid enjoy-

ments which it offers." He felt particular delight in depicting to me his domestic happiness. His son, twelve years of age, occupied a distinguished place in the picture; he was the object of his most tender affections, and was receiving his education at the college of Terracina.

On our arrival at Rome, Signor Fasani and myself took lodgings at the same hotel. The next morning he entered my room; his features had lost their pleasing serenity; their haggard paleness told the anguish of his soul: he burst into tears. "How the heart of man deceives him!" said he. "Yesterday, while I was delineating to you that picture of my felicity, I was in the abyss of misery. Wretched father! I was far from suspecting, when I was speaking to you of my son, that he had been carried off by a horde of assassins!" I endeavoured to console him. "The seminary of Terracina," said I, "where your son was educating, was established by the government: it is impossible but it will take every means in its power, and make every sacrifice for his deliverance."

"You do not know Rome," said he: "times are changed since the French were here; those institutions, which protected the virtuous, and were severe and coercive toward the wicked, have disappeared with them." While he was speaking, a letter was brought him: he started on recognising the hand-writing of his son.—"My dear father, do not be unhappy: I am in good health. I am among very good people, who take the greatest care of me, and pay me the greatest attention; but if you do not send me two thousand crowns immediately, they will kill me."

Letters of the same nature, written under the dictate of a poniard, were addressed to the other fathers by their children. "You must take your son's letter to the secretary of state," said I to Signor Fasani, "and he will immediately give you"

"The cardinals give nothing but their prayers," cried he; "they have not too much money for the support of their mistresses and of their My son would be put to death, before I could find means to have his letter read by the secretary of state. I have no one to depend on but myself."

He immediately collected all the money he could, and sent it instantly to the brigands, with a promise of completing the two thousand crowns, which they had demanded of him. The fathers of the other children did the same.

The brigands had successively released the greater part of their prisoners. Three only remained in their power, one of twelve, another of thirteen, and the other of fourteen years of age: of this number was the young Fasani.

The most melancholy rumours began to circulate about Rome: it was said, that these unhappy children would be massacred, even if their ransoms were paid, because the fathers of two of them were judges, and the father of the other, Signor Fasani, had been mayor.

Figure to yourself, if possible, the bitter torments and anxiety of mind, that Signor Fasani suffered: he expected every instant

to hear the fatal news. He was kept in this horrible state for eight days, which appeared to him so many years. At length his son was restored to him. He had promised to conduct him to my house immediately on his arrival: he kept his word. I could not help shedding tears when I embraced this child.

The calmness of his interesting features, on which were depicted resignation and reflection, was interrupted only by occasional spasms: his words did not coincide with his years: it seemed as if the terrible apprenticeship, which he had served to misfortune, had already matured his thoughts. The following is his narrative nearly in his own words:—

"The robbers, after having taken us from the seminary, finding we could not walk with the same rapidity as themselves, took us upon their shoulders, and did not halt until they had reached the mountains. Having met with some shepherds on the road, they ordered them to bring two fat sheep. The shepherds brought them to the place appointed; the brigands killed the sheep themselves, and cooked them before a large fire. After the repast, of which we partook, they recited a short prayer, in which they returned thanks to Saint Antonio for having assisted them in their projects. One of them then read a book, in which, among other histories, was that of an adventurer, called Ricardo. The great enterprises of this extraordinary man excited in them transports of admiration. Shortly afterward sentinels were placed at certain distances, and each of the brigands rolled one of us up in his cloak. In short, after they had all kissed the image of the virgin, which they always carry about their persons, they lay down, and went to sleep.

The next morning at daybreak we left this place, and at the end of our march pitched our camp on a mountain intersected with ravines, and almost inaccessible. We never remained more than four or five hours in the same place. I had already seen twelve of my companions set at liberty, without its coming to my turn. Only three of us now remained prisoners: we were tied to each other with a cord by the arms. I began to make the most melancholy reflections on seeing our guards speaking to each other in a mysterious manner. One of them, who was the second chief in the band, observing that I was uneasy: 'Fasani,' said he, 'keep up your spirits; we are thinking of putting an end to your captivity: in the meanwhile preach us a sermon on death.' I obeyed as well as I was able: I little thought I was pronouncing my own funeral oration, and that of my companions. When I had finished, the brigand dragged us to a little distance among a group of rocks, which hung over a precipice: he drew his poniard and buried it in the bosom of my two companions. The cord which tied us together pulled me after them in their fall; I fell covered with their blood. I threw myself at the feet of the assassin, implored his pity, and, in the most piercing cries, begged of him, in the name of Saint Antonio, to spare my life. All this passed with the rapidity of lightning: he suspended his poniard, and appeared to hesi-

tate. 'Do not stab him,' cried the chief, 'it will bring us ill luck: he has invoked Saint Antonio; he is the last: *Facciamo un quadro a S. Antonio*' I was then unbound; the chief spoke to me with kindness, gave me a ring and this pass."

"The child showed it to me; the following is an exact copy of it:—

"Si ordina a qualunque comitiva di non toccare casata Fasani di Maenza. Etriade, Virtù, Fedeltà. "Antonio Mattei

"ed Alessandro Mussaroni."*

"The Trinity! virtue! fidelity! What words, and in what mouths! If the young Fasani had employed simply the name of God to move these human butchers to compassion, he would have been murdered: he begged his life in the name of Saint Antonio, and was saved. It is, perhaps, the first time that superstition has preserved any one from death."

The Iniquity of the Landholders, the Mistakes of the Farmers, and the Folly and mischievous Consequences of the unaccountable Apathy, manifested by all the other Classes of the Community, in Regard to the Corn Laws, &c. By the Author of the Iniquity of Bankers, &c. 8vo. pp. 48. London, 1826. Effingham Wilson.

THIS pamphlet has a most assuming title, and in some measure predisposes the reader to surmise that the subsequent pages are written in an intolerant spirit; on a careful perusal, we find the author to be a man of considerable ability, explaining facts with clearness, removing error in a sober manner, and calling strenuously on the country to abolish those laws of which he is a powerful opponent. Were not the public already satiated with this subject, we should possibly have entered into its merits in a lengthy manner; as it is, we recommend this brief production to the attention of all those interested.

Library of Mechanics and Philosophy. Part I. Anecdotes of Steam Engines. By ROBERT STUART, Civil Engineer, pp. 72. London, 1826. Wightman and Cramp.

THIS is an interesting, elegant, and instructive publication: the anecdotes are well-told, the illustrations complete, and the whole got up in a manner worthy of the present age of publishing.

The Tradesman's Law-Assistant and Adviser. By JAMES NICHOLLS, Gent., Attorney at Law, Author of *The Practice of the Court for Relief of Insolvent Debtors.* 8vo. pp. 208. London, 1826. H. Butterworth.

THIS is one of those books, which, though extremely well intended, are fated to be of comparatively little use from a want of judgment in the method of compiling them. When a man writes for a limited, and that too an uneducated class of society, he ought to bear in mind their character, and put forth all his endeavours to render the uninviting

* "Every other detachment of the company is commanded not to stop the bearer, named Fasani di Maenza. The Trinity, Virtue, Fidelity."

"Antonio Mattei and Alexander Mussaroni."

nature of his subject as palatable as possible, by the ease and familiarity of his style and method. But Mr. Nicholls seems to have forgotten the sugars and sweetmeats which concealed the nauseous doses administered to him in his boyhood. The work is compiled in the dry, formal, and abrupt style of a regular law-book, which renders it not only difficult of comprehension to those who are but little skilled in such lore, but also fatiguing and disgusting to those who would be inclined to profit by it. It is also useless to the professional man, because the authorities are not cited. As far as regards the matter, that is well enough; and therefore we regret that the style is not more popular. If Mr. Nicholls would render his treatise deserving of our unqualified praises, he should re-write it, conforming his style and mode of arrangement, as far as in him lies, to the simple, familiar, and lucid flow of Sir William Blackstone, and citing in the margin, or at the bottom of his pages, the authorities upon which his dicta are founded. Such a method would not at all increase the tedium to the general reader, inasmuch as the notes would demand no part of their attention; but would render the work of some utility to the profession. He is a clever marksman who kills two birds with one stone.

FOREIGN LITERATURE.

WE extract the following observations from the *Revue Encyclopédique*, in continuation of the subject we have entitled *International Drama*.

Those rigid critics, who have thought fit to contest with the French, after two ages of literary glory, the exclusiveness of their theatre, have forgotten that this exclusiveness may be acquired in different ways, and that the choice of subjects selected from the particular history of a people, from their traditions and beliefs, is not the only character by which the nationality of a theatre may be recognised. If the theatre of a people bears the stamp of its genius and its taste—if, in unison with its customary ideas, it be proportioned to its intelligence, whatever may be its form or distinguishing feature—whatever the subjects that delight it most—such a theatre will be a national one; it will be the property of the nation, because it was made for it, because it suits it better than any other, and is the one calculated to please it—in short, the only one it could recognise.

I consider it a very insignificant reproach to say, that the literature of a nation is impressed with a character of imitation: for if we reflect maturely, we shall perceive that every thing in literature turns in one continual circle of imitation. If the ancient poets, writing without any model before them, imitated pure and simple nature, their works have become objects of imitation for their successors. In literature, as in every human acquirement, antecedent efforts must serve as a guide to fresh investigations, and it is hardly to be doubted but that the *Jerusalem Delivered*, *Paradise Lost*, *Orlando Furioso*, &c. &c. were so many emanations from the *Iliad* and *Æneid*. The most independent genius,

even when disdaining every model, still studies some one, and it is only by close self-examination such imitations are avoided.

It ceases, therefore, to be matter of astonishment, that modern authors should have borrowed more or less from the ancients; for, struck with admiration at their compositions, they naturally formed themselves upon their model. But they who really possess the gift of true poesy repugn at servile copies; what they imitate they appropriate to themselves; they create even while imitating. An anxiety for success conforms them to the taste of the people for whom they write. What they borrow from the ancients becomes, in their hands, disguised and modified; reconstructed according to different ideas and climate and manners, it insensibly loses all trace of its origin. Imitation appropriated to the taste of a new nation, soon assumes all the characters of an original composition; and in this way a modern society in time acquires a literature truly national.

These remarks present a faithful history of the French theatre, which indisputably is greatly indebted to the Greeks, although its origin is not immediately derived from them; but it is by no means a servile copy. Composed successively of imitations, sometimes from one country, sometimes from another, it has intermixed them with national elements; and these imitations have by degrees become domiciliated. France has possessed a national theatre, which is not only the best, but, according to its characteristic genius, the only one it could have.

In order to prove this assertion, let us ascend to the origin of this theatre, and endeavour to follow it in its progress through its successive variations. The political and literary history of a country is closely connected, and it is easy to perceive, in the annals of every nation, how much the fate, as well as the direction of their literature, depend on the course of public events. The Crusades produced the spectacle of the Mysteries: the sanguinary struggle that existed between France and Italy, from Louis XII. to Francis I., created, among the French, an imitation of the Italian poets, and, in a short time, that study of the ancients which the Medici so honoured with their patronage; while the continual warfare with the Spaniards, from the formation of the League to the time of Henry IV., introduced the Spanish literature into France.

This connection between political events and literary essays requires elucidation. The French, bringing back, on their return from the Holy Land, a spirit of mysticalness, mingled with the grossest superstition, were naturally prepared for the spectacle of the mysteries; and the Brothers of the Passion, who followed soon after, as is well known, for the sole purpose of representing their pious mummeries, contributed to one of the growing propensities of that epoch. When Charles VIII. began those expeditions against the Italian states, which were destined to last near a century, and where frequent reverses often counterbalanced his success, so long a residence on that classic soil intermixed the population of the two countries. The language of Pe-

trarch b
early con
vanced
and the
fruitless
telligence
establish
country
Leo X.
literatur
formed
Greek a

The a
Henry I
and Ital
voured
But it
undergo
character
niards,
League
place b
now too
Spaniar
contest
We ex
puns, f
and in
and the
at that
rals an
admitte
that g
which
Spanis
in our
first.
incided
Italian
literatu
the an
French
Spanis
its ad
founde
unities

The
ated b
first in
of the
our ea
Latins
others
Sopho
geniu
they c
same
logue
on th
amon
varied
with
odes,
subje
prese
indee
of th
Bu
of th
that c
logue
lively
whos

trarch became familiarized in France: the early compositions of a literature more advanced than our own, provoked imitations, and the scourge of war was not altogether fruitless, since it hastened the progress of intelligence. An intellectual intercourse was established between the learned of both countries; the regeneration of letters under Leo X. spread rapidly over France; French literature underwent a first modification, and formed itself upon the conjoint models of Greek and Italian compositions.

The alliance of Catherine de Medicis and Henry II., by introducing a host of nobles and Italian poets at the court of France, favoured that direction of the French literature. But it was doomed almost immediately to undergo a fresh modification: and its new character was impressed upon it by the Spaniards, while advocating the cause of the League. The same mixture that had taken place between the Italians and the French, now took place between these latter and the Spaniards. The language of Lope de Vega contested the empire with that of Boccaccio. We exchanged our epigrams, and puerile puns, for the style of the Moorish gallantry, and imbibed a predilection for rhodomontade and the wonders of knight-errantry: the stage, at that period divided between Italian pastorals and servile imitations of the Greek, now admitted complicated intrigue, together with that gallantry—that proud chivalric spirit, which constitute the principal features of the Spanish character. This second revolution in our literature was more durable than the first. Either the genius of the Spaniards coincided more with our own than that of the Italians, or, from some other cause, the French literature has continued to model itself upon the ancients, and its direction is fixed. The French theatre was an emanation from the Spanish, appropriated to our own taste, and its adherence to scrupulous ‘probability’ was founded upon its observance of the Greek unities.

These assertions may be readily substantiated by facts. Our literature, faithful to its first impression, for a long time was a copy of the Greek and Italian; and while some of our early authors stole from the Greeks and Latins their forms, and even their language, others modelled their tragedies upon those of Sophocles and Seneca. Devoid both of the genius of the first and the talent of the last, they composed dramas absolutely upon the same system; each act comprised a monologue and a scene. The choir, almost always on the stage, occupied the same place as among the ancients; the measure of the verse varied incessantly; the pieces were sprinkled with stanzas, and moral and philosophical odes, in imitation of the Greek: in short, the subject being of the most extreme simplicity, presented neither intrigue nor incident. Then, indeed, the French stage was a servile copy of the Greek and Latin.

But that extreme simplicity—that absence of theatrical effect, of incidents, of action—that declamatory style, and ignorance of dialogue—were little suited to the taste of a gay lively people—a people who love bustle—whose attention must be occupied; therefore

this species of drama was of short duration. The effects of Spanish influence over our literature began to be perceptible, when Hardy took possession of the stage, and supplied it for some years with his innumerable pieces. Hardy, as a poet, was as indifferent as he was prolific; and though unacquainted with almost all the secrets of his art, he was, nevertheless, the first who gave to tragedy that form it was destined, when brought to perfection, to preserve. He, moreover, discovered the taste of his own nation, and introduced incident, dramatic intrigue, dialogue, and sometimes different characters; and if he made no remarkable progress in the art, he cleared the way, and, on that account, is entitled to a wreath of imperishable fame. Many succeeding authors borrowed from Hardy; and Corneille, in the preliminary observations to *Mélite*, avows, that at first he had no other guide; and though this great man surpassed his original model, we must not mistake what he owed to the study of Hardy, and what his genius imbibed from the intercourse with Spain. The *Cid*, (tragedy by Corneille,) borrowed from Guillen de Castor, and containing a lively image of the chivalric manners of the Iberians, fixed the taste of the French. The sentiment of the *beau* burst forth: the art of criticism immediately followed the first efforts of genius. The French Academy, then newly instituted, watched over the perfections of the language; numerous writings cleared away the obscurity that still enveloped the cradle of the dramatic art, and insensibly foreign imitations became modified according to our manners and particular genius. A profound study of the ancients—of Aristotle’s and Horace’s Art of Poetry, explained the immutable laws of dramatic interest. The many errors of Lope de Vega and Calderon were perceived; the good sense of the public banished their defects from our stage, and retained nothing belonging to those writers but their chivalrous gallantry, which then coincided with our manners: a just medium was maintained between their obscure and complicated intrigues, and the simplicity of the Greeks: the properties of the stage were soon admitted, and the French theatre in a short time eclipsed its models: the national tragedy was discovered; and Corneille, fortified by the study of the ancients, had decided the form of that theatre, by elevating it to the very acme of its glory.

French tragedy attained a new perfection under the masterly pen of Racine. Endowed in a superior degree to Corneille, with that genius that leaves nothing unfinished, he was better acquainted with the secret art of tragic fable, as well as with the arrangement of the different parts of the drama; his language was more elegant, more sterling, and more pure. Familiar with the ancients, he paid them a sort of worship, while his own superior good sense taught him to avoid servile imitations. They who have pretended that Racine’s tragedies are a faithful image of the Greek stage, have never given themselves the trouble to compare the one with the other, or they would have been struck with the amazing difference between them; they would have seen that Racine, even while treating

the subjects the most evidently borrowed from the Greeks, always deepened the intrigue, extended the action, widened the circle of the drama, in multiplying the personages, varying the characters, and so completely adapting his most palpable borrowings to our taste, that his composition assumed every appearance of originality.

Thus I have shown the rise and progress of tragedy in France; and these observations are a sufficient reply to those little-informed critics, who refuse us a national theatre. I have explained the insensible gradations of the art,—how the genius of our poets, inspired by that enlightened taste, that superior reason, and, above all, by that delicate sentiment of propriety which distinguish the French nation, has improved upon its original and uncouth models. It remains for me to point out a few particular features, a few of the peculiar characteristics of our stage, which make it differ, not only from the Greek, but from every modern theatre, because they belong exclusively to our nation. Not to speak of the sentiment of love, which is almost always excluded from the ancient drama, and upon which the greater part of our’s is founded, our theatre will always stand pre-eminent for its severe and punctilious observation of dramatic propriety. I do not hesitate to say, that the art of never offending decorum, of always respecting the public, and the conscience of the spectators, has never been so scrupulously attended to as in France: the Greeks themselves cannot be compared to us in this point.

Another feature of our stage (I wish to be understood as speaking of *chefs d’œuvre*, which are the only productions that can serve as the basis of a discussion,) is, the just proportion that exists between all the parts of a drama. Nowhere, so well as in France, have authors known how to maintain that medium between dryness and tediousness, and this arises from the very spirit of the people, who divine with readiness, understand ‘a *demi-mot*,’ and seize, at the same instant, an idea, and its consequences. Examine the foreign dramas, even the most admired, and then say if any of them have the least claim to similar commendation.

(To be concluded in our next.)

ORIGINAL.

STREET SALUTATIONS.

‘As he went along the streets, his passage was absolutely impeded by the salutations of his friends—they pressed around him.’

Cha. Sephas—A tale from the Persian.

WHAT detestable things are greetings in the market place!—how I abominate—but you will understand from a plain narrative, better than from invectives, my sentiments upon the subject in question. I can only wish, most heartily, that there were guardians of private comfort by day, as well as of public morals by night, and then some few button-holders, at least, might be dispersed by their authoritative ‘move on.’

First and foremost, then, in the list of the—
‘wretches accurst’

Who wait to fill the anxious listening ear,

comes that long and justly persecuted animal the button-holder. As so much has been said or sung against him, his character is generally appreciated; but as I intend this paper to be sketches from nature, my canvass would not be complete, were I to omit so prominent a figure. I have a friend, whom, for obvious reasons, I shall call Holdfast, who seems to be a button-holder by profession. No man can understand that species of torment better than he does; he is completely versed in all the little cruel refinements of his class; an adept in every considerable damned species of civility. Nothing can please him better than to meet an acquaintance in a new blue coat, on a drizzling day: under pretence of covering him with his umbrella, he will seize him by one of his new gilt buttons, and spread the little drops over its already tarnished surface;—he will pat the rain into the black velvet collar; and squeeze and pinch the moist sleeves, or cuffs, into numberless little wrinkles, and, while he is thus distorting, your outward garb, he vexes your inward man, with dismal tales, of the prevalence of small-pox, of the importation of the Groningen fever in a chest of Dutch plaice, or of a poor woman of his acquaintance, being left with eight children without support.—If he meet with an acquaintance, whom, from his erect neckcloth, recently-shaved and well-washed appearance, he supposes to be going out to dinner; after having ascertained the point of his destination he will say, 'Oh, going to — Street: well, that's lucky—going that way myself; he will then begin to tell his doleful tales, and enforce your observance of it, by numberless little twitches of your coat, or the Maltese buttons of your black velvet waistcoat. In vain do you assert it is the dinner hour; he protests he is exactly right by Barraud, and that you are just twenty minutes too fast; and at last dismisses you, with your head full of fever, plague, and pestilence;—your cloth deprived of its perpendicularity; and your internals, quite unconscious of the celery soup and salmon, which your hostess assures you have been sent down, not two minutes ago, but which, *if you like*, shall be replaced instantly. But enough of him; were I, to expatiate fully on his character, this paper would occupy every page in *The Literary Chronicle* for a month to come.

Another species of salutation which annoys me very much, is that of an absent man. I have a friend who is always delving in the mine of mathematics; when he walks, his legs look like a pair of compasses, stretched to an angle of ninety degrees; you may pass him forty-eight times out of fifty, and he will not see you; but if he happen to stop to greet you, he will work your arm up and down like a pump handle, or horizontally, as if he were describing segments of circles, with your scapula for a centre, or with little quick jerks, like a pendulum motion. He never lets go your hand while talking to you; he twists your fingers into mathematical figures, and grasps your palm, as if he were illustrating practically the whole doctrine of cohesion. When he says his 'good by,' he starts at once into his full swing, and utterly

unconscious of having any part or parcel of your body corporate in his keeping, bolts off with your hand in his, to the imminent danger of dislocating your shoulder.

I had another species of salutation perpetrated upon me, which, I think, for effect, is quite unequalled; electricity is nothing to it. I was one day walking down the 'sweet shady side of Pall Mall,' building aerial castles, and chewing the cud of sweet fancy, (by the way, I believe, I was inditing a stanza at the moment,) when I felt a tremendous slap on the back, an arm roughly thrust through mine, and 'hollo, old fellow,' bawled in my ears. The pleasing smart of my breast, which I was then eulogising, was instantly transferred to my back, and light-winged Cupid was metamorphosed into a mutton-fister banker's clerk! His appearance was frightful; his face was streaming with —, but, to use a simile, it was like a damask rose bathed in dew; he was hot, dusty, and fiery; a peripatetic personification of the dog-star; I looked at him with a sort of horror; but imagine my feelings, when he said, (dragging me on all the time,) 'Come, old stupid, you are doing nothing; I am just going up Regent Street, down Oxford Street, through Bryanstone Square, down the New Road, through Islington, and then we'll go and have a rump steak at Joe's.'—What an idea! to leave sweet, breezy, cool Pall Mall, to go up and down all these places, wait in a broiling sun, while the aforesaid clerk went in with the usual 'just called from Mr. —'s— heavy accounts, large payments, much obliged,' and the rest of the usual jargon, and to finish with a hot reeking rump steak at Joe's. Rump steak and an eating-house in the dog-days! Electricity! psha! it was nothing to the feeling I had then.

How amusing it is to see two men salute each other, after having contracted a slight acquaintance, at a ball, the evening before. Their knowledge of each other is such, that each is compelled to acknowledge the identity of the other; but the question is, are they tuned up to regular speaking pitch? A west-ender of any magnitude would decide at once for a cut or an 'addy do;' but others, not so well initiated in these mysteries, feel somewhat embarrassed. Suppose, now, they discern each other at the opposite ends of a street, they must pass—shall I speak? is the thought of each; awful interval 'till they meet!—They cannot stare at each other—no! that would be rude. Well, then, you will see one seized with a sudden rheum, blow his nose, as if he were sounding the signal of advance; the other will see something remarkable in the knocker, on the other side of the way, or appear to think he knows somebody in a passing coach, although he never saw the occupiers thereof in the whole course of his life; or he will put his hand into his pocket, and pull out a piece of paper, which he will read attentively, although it have no characters upon it; in short, each will endeavour to appear not to have seen the other, until he arrive at the point of contact. If at that moment there appear a smile upon the phizzes of each, the thing is settled—'how d'ye do—nice dance—fine girls,' &c.

But if either cavalier look shy, display any *fierlé—c'en est fait*, a cut must ensue; and cuttee pursues his way, thinking, 'proud puppy'—'good as he'—might have spoken,' &c.

These are only a few salutations out of a vast number:—at some future period, I may resume the subject. V.

CONTINENTAL SCENES.

NO. II.

The Cabriolet-Driver.

ABOUT six months ago, I was in Paris, and, having one day many places to call at, and the weather being very wet, I went to the Place des Victoires in search of a cabriolet. I got into one, and the driver seated himself beside me; the skill with which he avoided the numerous carriages, and the topographical erudition he displayed in his route, excited my attention, and I complimented him on his intimate acquaintance with all the streets of the capital. 'Yes, sir,' said he, 'I can boast of being *master of Paris*; I know it as thoroughly as I do the *Great Desert*.' 'What do you mean?' Are you an adept in geography?' 'Nothing less, and I defy the most ingenious to puzzle me in that science: notwithstanding my present appearance, I have not been always a cabriolet-driver.' I felt my curiosity piqued, and, as we had then reached the Boulevards, I requested him to slacken his horse's pace, and to explain himself more clearly. 'Willingly,' said he; 'for with my comrades I cannot indulge in the pleasure of expatiating on my past life, and it is a great gratification to meet with any one who is willing to listen to me. My father, sir, was the owner of a passage-boat, and his longest voyages extended only from Rouen to Paris: I always accompanied him, and was as happy as a king, when he intrusted me with an oar, or allowed me to guide the horses which towed our vessel. At eighteen my father left to me the whole management, and, unlike my comrades, far from wishing to be at the end of my voyage, I always thought it too short. These early trips decided the fate of my after-life. Nothing was spoken of, at that time, in France, but the approaching expedition to Egypt. "Egypt!" said I to myself—"Oh what a voyage!—that would just suit me!" and, some weeks after, I embarked at Toulon, as conductor of the artillery-equipage. Engaged in the great scene for action, all my thoughts were engrossed by the interesting country I was about to visit. "There," I ejaculated, "passed all those grand events of which I have read in the Bible: perhaps I may yet see the house of Potiphar, the prison of Joseph; the Red Sea, which was passed over dry-footed by Moses and his followers; and those famous pyramids!" These latter, indeed, I did see in their greatest glory, whilst bullets, balls, and bombs, flew in all directions around them. Oh what a concert! To speak the truth, however, war is not exactly to my taste: yet I can boast of having done my duty as well as others. When the French army evacuated Egypt, I remained behind, conceiving the country to merit a more minute survey. It was essential, however, that I should fix upon

some me
being a c
and with
as servan
process o
truly, sir
piest pe
caravan
savant.
who com
wanted
the land
of the D
many to
tween m
late M.
consult
told him
he had f
between
are par
traveller
a shelter
speak c
is not a
when q
visit Fra
at least
and ma
the nos
top of
Jean F
letters f
riod, sir
try has
affection
been m
others;
a sledg
We
destina
tion of
franc p
to keep
nerous
was go
drawin
tle, and
he, 'y
refuse
Such
France
reader
more s

'Ever
is a ve
think,
seat v
rectly
well k
spoon
corner
the las
It is
motto
look-c
sellers
sure
more
grist

some means of earning a subsistence; and, being a complete stranger, without a business, and without any influence. I engaged myself as servant to one of the caravan drivers. In process of time, I became a principal; and truly, sir, I can affirm, that this was the happiest period of my life. At the head of my caravan, I acted as general, emperor, and *savant*. All the gentlemen of the Academy who compiled that great work upon Egypt, wanted my assistance; not one of them knows the land as Remy does: place me in the midst of the Desert, and I will tell you exactly how many toises, feet, and inches, there are between me and the nearest reservoir—why the late M. Denon sent for me, not long ago, to consult with me on a passage in his book! I told him that it was tolerably correct, but that he had forgotten to mention the ruins situated between Thebes and Memphis, and which are particularly deserving the attention of travellers, as they combine shade, water, and a shelter from the winds of the desert. To speak candidly, I must own that the country is not an agreeable one; and yet, sir, I wept when quitting it, although I was about to revisit France. I was determined that my name at least should remain there: you are young, and may perhaps visit these places; look at the nose of the great sphinx, and upon the top of the highest pyramid, and you will see *Jean François Remy* engraved upon them, in letters four inches in length. Since that period, sir, I have travelled much; but no country has impressed itself on my memory and affections like Egypt. It has likewise always been my strange lot to have the guidance of others; in Spain I was a muleteer, in Russia a sledge-driver, and here you see——”

We had by this time reached my place of destination; pleased with the simple narration of this honest man, I placed two five-franc pieces in his hand, and begged of him to keep them. ‘Ah, sir! you are more generous than the travellers by my caravan.’ I was going to alight, but he stopped me, and, drawing from the seat of his cabriolet a bottle, and a couple of glasses, ‘Come, sir,’ said he, ‘you are a brave gentleman, and will not refuse to drink to the health of old Egypt!’

Such encounters are by no means rare in France, and we shall occasionally present the readers of *The Literary Chronicle*, with some more scenes of this sort.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

‘I live by book.’

‘EVERY one for himself and God for us all,’ is a very sensible motto, designed, we should think, by one whose eye could detect the seat which fronted the tureen of turtle, directly he entered a dining room, and who well knew the art of concealing a moderate spoonful of green fat in some out-of-the-way corner of the dish, to lubricate the palate of the last anxious expectant—videlicet himself. It is our belief in the practical truth of this motto, which induces us to keep a vigilant look-out upon the movements of the booksellers, seeing that our interests in some measure rise and fall with theirs, and that the more plentiful the crop they reap, the more grist to our mill. This time last year, our

readers will recollect, the horoscope of booksellers and bookmakers was wofully unpropitious: the tree of knowledge had become a perfect upas; the ‘cormorant’ Speculation had perched himself upon it, and branch after branch kept withering away under the baneful influence of his touch. Many a house of credit became thus a house of ill fame, and many a publisher was thus doomed to be published, so that *The Gazette* absolutely usurped the title of our contemporary, and became a *Literary Gazette*.—Some portion of these evils, it must be remembered, arose from booksellers having speculated in hops—a more dangerous experiment than could have been met with in their own *legitimate craft*. Now it has often struck us as being very unaccountable, why the article of hops should be made so much the subject of gambling in this country. We are well aware that they are more precarious in their produce than any other subject of agriculture. But what matters it whether the crop be good or bad; or who is benefitted by its abundance? *Brewers* never use the article! However, these difficulties are now passed; and that we may not incur the charge of being out of date, or walking repeatedly over the same ground, we will hop over this portion of our subject. It may now be safely affirmed, that the trade has overcome, or in slang phrase, come over the obstacles which beset it. We consider it to have emerged as far as the head and shoulders from the mire into which it was plunged; and if it will mend its ways in future, and mind to keep them when mended, we have little doubt that it will not tumble into such a slough again. The stationers say that the sale of pens and paper has made a wonderful increase within these last few months. Every tenement in Grub Street, from the sky parlour, the chamber of *attic* wit, to the ground floor, the granary of *low-lived* abuse, can boast its inmate—the members of club-houses, we believe, do not reside in these parts. John Murray and Harry Colburn, together with many other very respectable houses, have put forward long and sounding advertisements; we trust they will be as forward in putting their promises into execution, for every thing at present looks very promising. We have also heard it whispered, that the ensuing year will bring out many unknown authors, whose natural modesty has hitherto kept them in the shade. We subjoin a list of some supposed forthcoming productions, with the names of their writers, which, though very imperfect, is the best we have been able to collect:—

A new edition of *Debrett’s Peerage*—Olivia Serres, Princess of Cumberland.

A *Treatise on the Sufferings of Horned Cattle*; a posthumous work of the late Alderman Cox.

Radical Reform, or a Cure for the Diseases of the British Constitution—Dr. Eady.

The Influence of the Stars—C. Kemble, Esq.

Light and Shadows—Sir William Curtis.

Fatty-ma and Punchy-nello, a tale, founded on *fa(c)t*—Claude Seurat, Esq.

Humbug of *Bonusses*—Cobbett, the ‘bone-grubber.’

Rooks and Pigeons, Greeks and Gulls—

‘*Plaudente populo, simul cum scriptis, hum-nus est.*’

The Greek Committee.

Combinations—

‘Strike, but hear!’

Two Single Gentlemen.

Surgical Practice in Private—Dr. Collyer.

The Last Pigtail—Mrs. Shelly.

Autobiography of the late Samuel Rogers, Esq.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

SONG.

Air—‘Fly to the Desert.’

WAKE, love, the dewy-footed morn

Glides soft on rosy pinions born;

The blue mist rises from the deep,

Yet Laura, thou art still asleep.

Wake, love! the smiling violets rise,

And lift to heaven their soft blue eyes;

With joy the sunbright streamlets leap,

Yet Laura, thou art still asleep.

The musk-rose bares her crimson breast,

The west wind’s fragrant bower of rest;

Languidly forth her odours creep,

And Laura, thou art still asleep.

Then come! to me all nature dies,

Deprived of beauty’s loveliest eyes;

To me she always seems to weep,

While thou, sweet Laura, art asleep. ♀.

STANZAS

To the Memory of C. Pendrill, a Journeyman Shoemaker, written on reading an account of his Life, in *The Literary Chronicle* of the 26th of August.

[The memoir alluded to by our correspondent was transferred to *The Literary Chronicle* from *The Gate to Languages Unlocked*. It is rather singular that poor Pendrill should have so exquisite a poem to his memory by one of his own calling.]

DORN the same trade support this being, then,
That had supported thine?—And shall thy name

Be dropped, forgotten from the minds of men!
Oh! no, for though thou sought’st not after fame,

Thou hast upon the sorrowing muse a claim,
That would prolong thy memory in her strain;
For thine was that aspiring holy aim,
Which makes us blush at Folly’s heedless train,
And turn to Wisdom’s paths, and seek therein our gain.

Fit for the elder world! the cynic’s time,
When men despised the outward vanities,
Thou couldst not feed thy bosom on the slime
Of every-day enjoyment! No, thy sighs
Still mounted for the fruit which most despise,
That of the tree of knowledge,—this to thee
Was ever tempting in thy paradise,
Nor whilst an apple was upon that tree,
Couldst thou contented feel, but pluck’d on greedily.

The languages of nations—realms no more,
’Twas thy ambition and thy love to know,
And gather what their sages taught of yore;
What he who made the rock with water flow,
Said to the chosen people, what the woe
Which made Philosophy still drop its tear.

To prove the warmth of the Meonion flow,
To learn the Mantuan’s judgment, and to clear
Each point of science up—these claimed thy toil severe.

Thus didst thou, for thy solitary gain;
Thus didst thou ponder on the letter’d past,
Collecting to the treasure of thy brain,
The Alp of thought which ages had amass’d.

What labour? what intricacies thou hast,
In thy lone hours, thus conquer'd and unkut!
Unaided Perseverance round thee cast
That confidence which makes all toil subnit,
And wanting which, thy bark on learning's
rocks had split.

In fancy, now methinks thy form I see,
As o'er the musty tomes thou'rt bent to find
Some explanation which perplexeth thee,
And wanting which, thou hast no peace of
mind;
Now, now, the head is on the hand reclin'd,
And now the pen is up to clear the doubt,
And now 'tis down again,—and as the wind
Puffs through thy dwelling's creeks thy lamp
about,
I sigh for martyr'd life, and wish its struggle
out.

Alas! that ever such a mind as thine
Should be confin'd to poverty's dull spell,
That it unto itself should only shine,
As doth the bright pearl in its prison shell;
But this is oft the case, for all can tell
From story, or from memory, some sad tale
Of genius with a fate—dark, drear, and fell;
Of those who, like thee, doom'd to toil and
wail,
Still felt th' ennobling wish,—but felt it to
their ba c.

Hast thou not felt it so, when on thy head
The gray locks came? hast thou not felt it
then?

Where, then, was thy reward for all thou'dst
read
And learn'd?—for all thy scorn of worldly
men.

Where was the home which knew no suffer-
ing, when
Thou call'st all helpless in thy age to him,
Who for some dross drawn from the miser's
den,
Thy dear companions was to purchase, then
Thy books, thy friends through life, each vo-
lume's sparkling gem.

O how my heart sinks, sinks, when I recur
To such a fate as thine! by nature form'd
To be our erring spirit's minister,
And by thy doom to be in darkness worm'd!
With nothing but thy stoicism arm'd,
To take thy hard career through weary life,
O, how it sinks, sinks, sinks, or is alarm'd,
Lest others, like thee, with thy powers rife,
Should waste their tide of mind in bootless
scenes of strife.

But, ah! how useless thus to dwell on thee—
The grave is now thy comfort,—in its sleep
Thou find'st a medicine for the misery
Of thy wreck'd life's decline; we can but
weep,
That all that is of thee is in its keep;
That all thy learning left us, is to know
Thou couldst not from this barren being reap
Thy nature's wants. Unhappy, 'till below,
Poor, friendless, and unknown, thou gottest
from thy woe.

Yes! we may weep; but weeping can't recall
The loss of bright ability, like thine;
The star we see, through boundless ether fall,
Can we replace it in its sphere to shine?
Sorrow may give its tear, and thou hast mine,
But all in vain—thy keeping in the grave
Is as a stone dropp'd to the ocean's brine,
It sinks beneath th' unfathomable wave,
No art can it return, no love can hope to
save.

J. D.

MATHILDA*.

[From the Swedish of Tegner.]

There sat within a rose-bush bright
A nightingale,
That charm'd Italia's fragrant night
In Arno's vale.

Withheld his breath the zephyr meek;
The waters heard,
And redder grew the rose's cheek,
While sang the bird.

There wander'd by a Wiking—son,
A northern lord;
The rose-bush, with the singing one,
He took on board.

Now in the snow and wintry blast
That rose is set;
Like blush o'er beauty's features cast,
But lovelier yet.

And to the north that nightingale
Breathes melody,
As sound of clarion through the vale
Speaks victory.

Glow, purple gem of southern growth,
On northern height;
Melt, sigh of languor, from the south,
In winter's night.

A.

THE DRAMA,
AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

KING'S THEATRE.—The season commenced here on Saturday evening, with Spontini's serious opera of *La Vestale*. The chief characters were supported by Madame Caradori and Signor Curioni, who had some scenes rich in musical excellence. The music of the opera, by Spontini, is fine, particularly in the concerted pieces; Madame Caradori's plaintive look, manner, and voice as the Vestal, appealed powerfully to the heart; but much as we admire this lady, and great as undoubt- edly are her abilities, we hesitate not in stat- ing that Madame Pasta could alone give the full effect to the strains of this production of Spontini. The execution, feeling, and pa- thos of Caradori, may almost be equal to Pasta, but the former by nature is not gifted with those powers of voice, the latter so emi- nently possesses. Curioni acquitted himself in a very able manner, and the rest of the company (among whom were some fresh im- portations,) is creditable to the management. The house was very well attended.

The first masquerade for the season took place at this house on Tuesday evening last. It is rather early for this species of amuse- ment to commence, but we presume the full- ness of the town warranted the experiment. The pit being added to the stage presented an uniform level from one extremity of the theatre to the other, where thousands might either take an active share in the hilarity of the evening, or amuse themselves as specta- tors. On this evening, the company was mi- serably thin, and an universal satiety seemed to pervade the few assembled. Of course, there were characters, and some without any characters at all, but even those who were

* These lines were written on an Italian lady, whose wit, beauty, and, above all, whose siren voice so captivated the heart of a young Swedish officer, that he married her, and so, in the poetical language of Tegner, transplanted the rose of the south to the rocks of the north.

habited in proper costume, seemed to have expended all their wit in dress, and left none for word of mouth. The gentlemen present far exceeded the softer sex, which, on former occasions, has usually been the contrary. After a monotonous display for some few hours, the company retired to a morning sup- per, and afterwards to their homes.

ROYAL WEST LONDON THEATRE.—*Soi- rées Françaises*.—The French Theatre in Tot- tenham Street, gave its first entertainment for the season on Monday evening last. A prologue, *Le Légataire*, a comedy of Reg- nard's, and *L'Artiste*, a vaudeville by MM. Scribe and Perlet, were the amusements; the house was crowded, and the boxes filled with persons of distinction, amongst whom we noticed his grace the Duke of Wellington.

Messrs. Cloup and Pelissié, the two di- rectors, have not yet completed their com- pany, the facetious Odry, Mlle. Constance, des Variétés, and Madame De Saint Léon, from the Odéon, were missing, yet this first evening's representation passed off with much éclat, and the audience applauded greatly the acting of M. and Mde. Dandel, Ma- dame Clozel, and the inimitable Perlet. Hi- therto the London French Theatre has given only light pieces from the minor theatres in Paris, such as the sprightly vaudevilles of the Variétés, &c. but this year it has taken a higher aim, and without abandoning the amusing bagatelles to which it owes its ori- ginal success, it has determined to render its representations more splendid and more dur- able by the introduction of some of the chefs- d'œuvre of the French Drama.

We may, perhaps, at some future period, give a slight sketch of the most celebrated French dramatists and their productions, from the beginning of the 15th century to the present time, and in so doing, we may find occasion to mention more particularly the different actors of Messrs. Cloup and Pelis- sié's company. These gentlemen have un- dertaken a task by no means light, and it would be ridiculous to expect them to fulfil it with all the splendor and perfection to be found at the Théâtre Français in Paris. Kean, Young, and Macready, do not go to France to exercise their talents, nor can it be supposed that Mars, Armand, and Michelot, will leave the Temple of the Rue de Rich- lieu to come to London. An English au- dience must not, therefore, exact too much, as this would savour of injustice, and the critic should beware that his praise or cen- sure be neither influenced by low-minded envy, nor sordid interest—by too much seve- rity, nor by culpable indulgence. Person- alities should be carefully avoided, they are at all times odious, but more especially so, when they tend to increase the timidity of an actress, or to discourage talent by open satire.

The only novelty at either of the royal the- atres unnoticed is the recent production of a farce at Drury Lane, entitled *White Lies, or the Major and the Minor*; and as there is nothing peculiar in its merits to call for much remark, it may be enough to say that it has been played several evenings successively.

Two
appear
Litera
versati

A b
vered t
He has
govern
twenty
Berlin
geratio

Last
burgh
resum
first di

The
ris, a w
in whi
ous fi
with a
The po
the cau
which
force a

An
by Mr
mand
in the
there
in this
ties ar
It con

No.
simila
Paris
and f
benefi
suits!

It is
tenant
to Aff
resea
Such,
stand
Lord
state c
ern co
the g
and m
conne
civil g
lonel
Leone
occup

Mr
husb
casio
manb
forme

Mr
publi
seven
cated
tle of

the H
loured

The
term
pensa
Ency
don I

LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

Two new literary periodicals are about to appear in Berlin, the one entitled *The Berlin Literary Journal*, the other, *The Berlin Conversational Pamphlet*.

A brewer of Berlin pretends to have discovered the secret of making sugar from corn. He has solicited a patent from the Prussian government, and has promised to extract twenty pounds of fine sugar from a bushel of Berlin wheat. Surely this is no slight exaggeration!—*Journal de Commerce*, Dec. 2.

Last week Sir Walter Scott arrived in Edinburgh from his tour to Paris, and on Friday resumed his seat at the clerks' table in the first division of the Court of Session.

There has recently been published, in Paris, a work entitled *The Letters of a Spaniard*, in which the author, by means of an ingenious fiction, contrives to present the public with a faithful picture of degraded Spain. The political vices of this wretched country—the causes of its debility, and of the misery to which it is reduced, are displayed with equal force and truth.—*Le Constitutionnel*, Dec. 2.

An engraving has been recently published by Mr. Bowyer, which contains the Ten Commandments, the Lord's Prayer, and the Creed, in the space of a silver penny; and though there are more than 2000 letters contained in this small compass, yet the words of the titles are written in a larger hand than the rest. It contains also the name of the engraver.

No. 127 of the *Bulletin des Lois*, (a work similar to our *London Gazette*), published in Paris on the 30th ult., contains one hundred and five ordinances of the king, granting benefices to French priests, probably all Jesuits!

It is stated in some of the papers, that Lieutenant-Colonel Denham is about to proceed to Africa, for the purpose of resuming his researches in the interior of that continent. Such, however, is not his object. We understand that this officer has been selected by Lord Bathurst to make a report of the actual state of our several settlements on the western coast of Africa, for the purpose of putting the government in possession of the fullest and most correct information upon every point connected with their present condition, trade, civil government, &c. For this purpose Colonel Denham proceeds immediately to Sierra Leone, and it is expected that his mission will occupy about nine or ten months.

Mrs. Bradshaw, late Miss Tree, is with her husband residing at Florence, where she occasionally delights the audience of Lord Normanby's private theatre, as an amateur performer.

Mr. Pierce Egan has prepared, and will publish immediately, *A Trip to Ascot Races*, seventeen feet in length, and coloured—dedicated to his Majesty; exhibiting all the bustle of the lively scene on the road down to the Heath. The plates are engraved and coloured by Mr. Theodore Lane.

The Chancery-suit of *Mawman v. Tegg* is terminated. The defendant has made compensation for the articles copied from *The Encyclopædia Metropolitana* into *The London Encyclopædia*, has paid the legal ex-

penses, and has engaged to make no farther extracts.

The leading members of one, or both of the Societies for the Propagation of the Gospel at home and abroad, have, it is said, held, or are about to hold, a meeting, to take into consideration the steps necessary to be adopted in consequence of the death of the late Bishop of Calcutta; and the object they have in view, is reported to be the establishment of three bishoprics in India, instead of one. That it is the duty of every Christian church, and, indeed, of every denomination of Christians, to extend the truths and practices of the gospel by every legitimate means, cannot be denied; and though it may be doubted whether the means taken to do so among the natives of our vast empire in India, have been altogether such as wisdom and prudence would suggest, there can at any rate be no doubt but that it is the paramount duty of the mother country to afford to the immense number of its own subjects now settled in India, as well as to the half caste natives, every facility for the exercise and encouragement of religious duties. As to the best means of accomplishing this, of course much diversity of opinion will naturally exist. For our own parts, with every respect for the mother church, we doubt very much whether the extension of the episcopal office in India is precisely that description of religious want which calls for the earliest supply—we should rather be inclined to suggest a larger supply of inferior clergy, in the nature of parish priests, to be much more desirable; and that a little more attention to the moral and religious character and attainments of the persons sent out as such, should be paid, than has always been the case. To do religious justice to the British population in India, as well as to afford the best chance of propagating the gospel among the natives, good and pious ministers of religion should be dispersed throughout the country, with districts appointed to each, such as may be within the reach of human faculties to attend to. When this is done, and has been found to work its way usefully and effectually, then it will be time enough to think of more bishops. A bishop, without an inferior clergy to control and to look after, is as great an anomaly as an inferior clergy without flocks.—*M. Herald*.

THE BEE,

OR, FACTS, FANCIES, AND RECOLLECTIONS.

Chinese Advertisement.—The following is an advertisement extracted from a periodical paper published in Canton. 'I, Achen Teu Chinchén—a lineal descendant of Coap Boi Roche Chinchén, the celebrated sculptor and carver in wood, who, through his unremitted studies to promote rational religious worship, by the classical touches of his knife and chisel, has been honoured by the emperors, kings, and rajahs of the east, and supplied them with superior idols for public and domestic worship.—now humbly offer my services in the same theological line, having travelled from hence at a considerable expense, to perfect myself in anatomy, and in copying the most graceful attitudes of the human

figure, under those able masters, Nollekins and Bacon. Achen Teu Chinchén is now in possession of casts of the most approved models and Elgin marbles, he is ready to execute to order, idols from twelve feet high, well proportioned, down to the size of a marmoset monkey, or the most hideous monster that can be conceived, to inspire awe or reverence for religion. My charges are moderate; for an ourang-outang, three feet high, seven hundred dollars; ditto, rampant, eight hundred; a sphinx, four hundred; a bull, with hump and horns, six hundred and fifty; a buffalo, eight hundred; a dog, two hundred; ditto couchant, one hundred and fifty; and an ass, in a braying attitude, eight hundred and fifty;—the most durable materials will be used. Of statuary granite, brass, and copper, I have provided sufficient to complete orders to any extent. Perishable wood shall never disgrace a deity made by my hands. Posterity may see the objects of their fathers' devotions unsullied by the inclemencies of the seasons, the embrace of pious pilgrims, or their tears on the solemn prostrations before them. Small idols for domestic worship, or made into portable compass for pilgrims; the price will be proportionate to the size and weight. Any order, post paid, accompanied by a drawing and description of the idol, will be promptly attended to, provided that one half of the expense be first paid, and the remainder secured by any respectable house in Canton.'

Coquettes.—What nonsense to abuse gay coquettes; they are the most endearing creatures that exist among the race of women. Wit, fancy, gaiety, good humour, elegance, and splendour are their accomplishments. Their greatest enemies are always the dull and stupid of their own sex. I have very often observed that a young lady, whose fascinating manners or elegant person happen to draw about her a crowd of admirers, will be exposed to all the petty slanders of her less engaging companions. There exists a great mistake about coquetry. Old maids and silly young girls suppose that every little act of gallantry, wit, or good humour is coquetry. Females are naturally fond of admiration, and so far all of them have a tendency to coquetry; but a real coquette is a being of quite a different character. She must have beauty, elegance, and accomplishments to lay her snares with; but to these she adds a want of principle in her affections. A dashing girl, without principle in affairs of the heart, is the only true coquette, not she who is merely fond of gaiety, admiration, and amusement. But it is too often the way among females to slander each other merely for the gratification of their little private piques. For my part, ever since I can remember, I have loved a dash of coquetry in every woman. It tastes like nutmeg in negus.—*American paper*.

Old Joe, (Auldjo,) it seems, is now a marked character in the annals of sporting; the notoriety of his loss may prove a warning beacon to young aspirants for a gambler's fame. The punsters, who laugh at him, (from his age,) declare he lost his money at vingt-un.

Hope.—If all your literary friends, remarks a correspondent, transmit what they may have written on this subject, as an addenda to your last number, you may *hope*, often to hear farther thereon, and he subjoins the following, as an off-hand insertion in a lady's album:—

Hope lives in ev'ry breast,
Quickens a new desire;
Gives midnight soothing rest,
To morning adding fire,
In busy coinage brave,
Some mystery renewing,
That fancy idly gave,
Necromantical pursuing.
Time wears a crownlet new,
Unmocking and unfading:
Why not the vaunt pursue,
No wayward cloud seems shading?
Like to the beam of light,
From bondage Israel led,
To guide in path aright,
A power divine still sped.
Yet man, like Israel's race,
Is still to murmur prone;
Scarce yields to hope a grace,
But hugs despair alone.

E. H.

The persuading oratory of colloquial intercourse disarms, because it is in manner so artless; it subdues when unsuspected, because it is earnest feeling exciting kindred sympathies; it feasts the understanding even while it misleads it, and wins its immediate assent even when the delighted ear can often remember afterwards nothing but its own concurrent pleasure, and searches in vain for the recollection of the reasons on which it had decided.

Remembrances of childhood are like the tones of an *Aolian harp*, which do not possess the power and the perfect accords of harmony, but rather entices us to imagine them.

The most important part of man's existence is that which is influenced by love. True love is the parent of true virtue; nothing evil can exist with it. It is a child of Heaven, and leads to Heaven. While all the conquests of the understanding can only give a joyless consciousness of the infinity yet understood, love produces a fullness of enjoyment which is analogous to eternity, and a proof of it. Even in an unhappy attachment, there is a feeling of ennobling delight which makes its sorrows dear.—*Inspector.*

The King of Spain has issued an order for dismissing all the censors of the Spanish theatres, for having permitted the representation of a piece called the *Mysteries of Isis*, which was supposed to allude to the masonic lodges.—*Le Furet.*

Flattery.—Flatterers may soothe the person they laud with interested adulation, but there is a secret something in the human heart which usually withholds them from commending the absent to their familiar correspondents. Nothing is more grateful to the adulating than to sneer in private at what they publicly extol.

WEEKLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Day of the Month.	8 o'clock Morning.	1 o'clock Noon.	1 o'clock Night.	Barom. 1 o'clock Noon.	Weather.
Dec. 1	35	43	40	29 37	Rain.
.... 2	41	42	41	.. 17	Cloudy.
.... 3	39	43	35	.. 43	Showers.
.... 4	35	39	35	.. 58	Do.
.... 5	34	38	33	.. 49	Do.
.... 6	38	41	50	.. 70	Cloudy.
.... 7	52	53	48	.. 58	Rain.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Our continual press of matter, and the delay of the communications from Investigator, will not allow us to accede to his request.

A letter (on Monday) for V. & M. at the office.

Works just published:—Allan Cunningham's *Paul Jones*, three vols. 1l. 11s. 6d.—Reeve's *Christmas Trifles*, 2s. 6d.—Lord Mayor's Visit to Oxford, 7s. 6d.—Cooke's *Views of London*, No. 1., 5s.—Petersdorff's *Reports*, vol. 5, 1l. 11s. 6d.—Sturm's *Contemplations*, 9s.—Early *Metrical Tales*, 9s.—Merchant's *Widow*, 2s. 6d.—The *Thrush* (Song-book) 5s.—Marlow's *Works*, three vols. 1l. 7s.—Ainslie's *Materia Indica*, two vols. 8vo. 2l.—Cooper's *Practical Sermons*, vol. 7th, 6s.—Barclay's *Signet to Diversions of Purley*, 7s.—William Tell and Hofer, 6s.—Darley's *Popular Geometry*, 4s. 6d.—Oulalissi, a Dutch tale, 2s. 6d.

This day is published, in 12mo. price 6s. in boards, **SKETCHES FROM LIFE**: written in Verse. By the Rev. T. CHARLES BOONE, B.A. Of St. Peter's College, Cambridge.

Printed for C. and S. Rivington, St. Paul's Churchyard, and Waterloo Place, Pall Mall.

MR. DELAFONS' NEW WORK ON THE TEETH.

This day is published, price 5s. with Three Plates.

A DESCRIPTION of a NEW PATENT INSTRUMENT for EXTRACTING TEETH, and of a Patent Method of Fixing Artificial Teeth.

By J. P. DELAFONS, Esq., Surgeon-Dentist.

This Work is intended not only for Medical Practitioners, but contains also several important observations of considerable interest to the Wearers of Artificial Teeth.

Printed for J. Hatchard and Son, 187, Piccadilly; W. Sans, 1, St. James's Street; and S. Highley, 174, Fleet Street, and Webb Street, St. Thomas's Hospital.

Last September was published, the XVIIIth, and on the 30th of December will be published, the XIXth Part of

THE ENCYCLOPEDIA METROPOLITANA.

The Proprietors request the attention of the Public to the last Prospectus (which may be had gratis) of this work. It contains an outline of the designed article on the application of Machinery to the Arts and Manufactures in Great Britain.

Printed for J. Mawman; C. and J. Rivington; Baldwin, Cradock, and Joy; Sherwood, Gilbert, and Piper; J. Duncan, London; J. Parker, Oxford; and Deighton and Sons, Cambridge; and may be had of all Booksellers in the United Kingdom.

On the 1st of January, 1827, will be published, handsomely printed, in one vol. 12mo., illustrated with Maps and other Engravings,

A COMPENDIOUS INTRODUCTION to the STUDY of the BIBLE.

By THOMAS HARTWELL HORNE, M.A.

Being an Analysis of his 'Introduction to the Critical Study and Knowledge of the Holy Scriptures.'

Printed for T. Cadell, London; and W. Blackwood, Edinburgh.

This Volume is respectfully offered as an assistant to the Studies of Gentlemen at the Universities, and other Seminaries, of Theological Literature, as well as to other individuals who may respectively possess the Author's larger Introduction, and who may require such an auxiliary. At the same time it will be found a Manual or Compendious Guide to the Perusal of the Holy Scriptures, adapted to the use of General Readers, who may not be able to purchase the original Work.

This day was published, price 6s. 10s. the 7th volume of **PRACTICAL and FAMILIAR SERMONS**, designed for Parochial and Domestic instruction. By the Rev EDWARD COOPER, Rector of Hamstead Ridware, and of Yoxall, in the county of Stafford.

Printed for T. Cadell, London; and W. Blackwood, Edinburgh.

Of whom may also be had, by the same Author, **SERMONS**, chiefly designed to elucidate some of the leading Doctrines of the Gospel, two vols. 12mo. Price 10s. in boards.

This day is published, price 2s. 6d. **A VINDICATION of CERTAIN PASSAGES in the THIRD and FOURTH VOLUMES of the HISTORY of ENGLAND.** By J. LINGARD, D. D.

It has pleased the Reviewer (Edinburgh) to constitute himself my accuser: it remains for me to repel the accusation. If I fail in the attempt, the failure will justify his conduct: if I succeed, and of success I cannot entertain a doubt, his will be the disgrace of defeat, and the shame of misrepresentation. He has provoked the contest: he must submit to the consequences.—Page 8.

Printed for J. Mawman, Ludgate Street.

DIGEST of the LAWS of ENGLAND. This day is published, in a closely-printed volume, 18mo. 7s. 6d. boards.

THE CABINET LAWYER; or, a Popular Digest of the Laws of England; with a Dictionary of Law-Terms, Maxims, Acts of Parliament, and Judicial Antiquities; correct Tables of Taxes and Duties, Post-Office Regulations, Rates of Portage, Turnpike-Laws, Corn-Laws, and Prison-Regulations, &c. &c.

Few masses can be conceived more difficult of digestion than that prodigious mass the Laws of England; and it is a proof of no common powers and abilities to see it so completely done as in this small but extremely valuable volume. The arrangement throughout is excellent, and references of every kind consequently easy; nor is it a mere repetition, with trifling alterations and additions, of preceding works,—but a bona fide digest, in which all the latest novelties in legislation and practice are carefully and clearly laid down. Much pains has been bestowed on it in every branch; and we unhesitatingly vouch for its being one of the best productions of the kind to enable every man to know as much law as is necessary for his guidance in the ordinary concerns of life, and especially to follow Lord Bacon's advice, and keep out of law.—*Literary Gazette*, October 14, 1826.

London: printed for W. Simpkin and R. Marshall, Stationers' Hall Court, Ludgate Street.

In the press, by the same Editor, to be published in Monthly Parts, price 1s. each, No. 1. on the 1st of January, No. 11. on the 1st of March, and then to continue regularly every month.

An ACCOUNT of PUBLIC CHARITIES, Digested and Arranged from the Reports of His Majesty's Commissioners, on Charitable Foundations, in England and Wales, with Notes and Comments.

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.—Just published, by R. Ackermann, 101, Strand, London:—**THE FORGET ME NOT FOR 1827.**

ENGLAND, SCOTLAND, and IRELAND, in four vols. price 32s. being the Fifteenth Division of The World in Miniature: containing a Description of the Manners, Customs, Character, and Costumes of the People; accompanied with 83 coloured Engravings.

CHRISTMAS TALES, price 7s.

FERDINAND FRANK, the Musical Student, price 4s.

MORAL FABLES, by Dr. Krammacher, price 6s.

LETTERS between AMELIA and her MOTHER, by William Combe, price 5s.

ARCHITECTURAL RECREATION BOX, with Solid Figures and Book, price 8s. 6d.

GEOMETRICAL ditto ditto, price 8s. 6d.

THE NEW DOLL, Six Engravings, price 4s.

FORTY SIBYLLINE CARDS in a CASE, price 3s.

MARRIAGE COSTUMES of FOREIGN NATIONS in a CASE, price 6s.

PANORAMACOPIA, or Changeable Landscapes, 15s.

A ROLLER with THIRTY-SIX PRINCIPAL BUILDINGS of LONDON, price 21s.

HEALTHFUL SPORTS for YOUNG LADIES, Eleven beautiful Engravings, price 10s. 6d.

CHANGEABLE HEADS of LADIES and GENTLEMEN, price 7s. 6d. each.

FIFTY-TWO PICTORIAL CARDS, in Sheets or Packs, price 10s. 6d.

METAMORPHOSES, or Changeable Figures, 7s. 6d.

This paper is published early on Saturday, price 6d.; or 10d. if post free. Country and Foreign Readers may have the unstamped edition in Monthly or Quarterly Parts.

London: published by Davidson, 2, Surrey Street, Strand, where advertisements are received, and communications for the Editor (post paid) are to be addressed. Sold also by Simpkin and Marshall, Stationers' Hall Court; Booker, 23, Fore Street; Ray, Creed Lane; Richardson, Cornhill; Hughes, 15, St. Martin's-le-Grand; Chapple, Pall Mall; Southland, Calton Street, Edinburgh; Griffin & Co., Glasgow; and by all Booksellers and News-vendors.—Printed by Davidson, 2, Surrey Street, Strand.